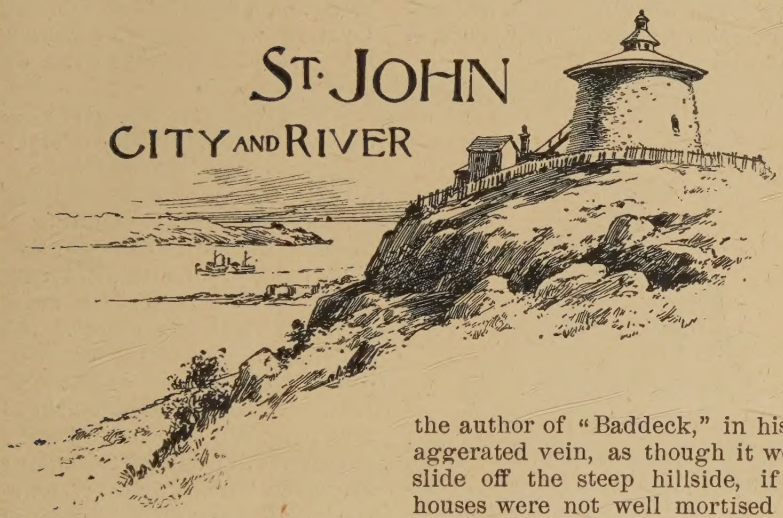
THE METHODIST MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1895.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

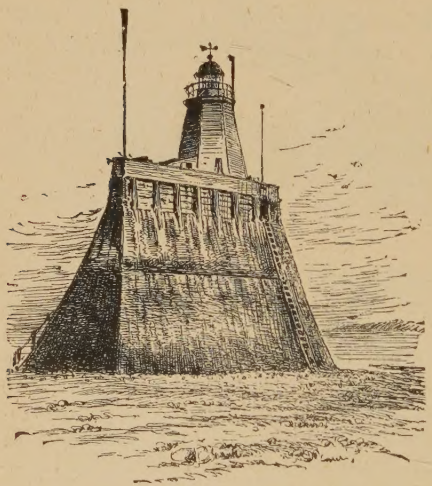


THE most striking approach to the city of St. John is from the sea. Partridge Island guards the entrance to the harbour, like a stern and rocky warder. We pass, close to the left, the remarkable beacon-light shown in one of our engravings. At low tide this is an exceedingly picturesque object. Its broad base is heavily mantled with dripping seaweed, and its tremendous mass gives one a vivid idea of the height and force of the Bay of Fundy tides. Conspicuous to the left, is the Martello Tower, on Carleton Heights, and in front, the many-hilled city of St. John. Sloping steeply up from the water, it occupies a most commanding position, and its terraced streets appear to remarkable advantage. It looks somewhat, says the author of "Baddeck," in his exaggerated vein, as though it would slide off the steep hillside, if the houses were not well mortised into solid rock. It is apparently built on as many hills as Rome, and each of them seems to be crowned with a graceful spire.

Situated at the mouth of one of the largest rivers on the continent, the chief point of export and import, and the great distributing centre for a prosperous province, it cannot fail to be a great city. It is, indeed, beautiful for situation. Seated like a queen upon her rocky throne, it commands a prospect of rarely equalled magnificence and loveliness. Its ships are on all the seas, and it is destined by Nature to be, and indeed is now, one of the great ports of the world. The huge wharves, rendered necessary by the high tides, and the vessels left stranded in the mud by their ebb, are a novel spectacle to an inlander.

There are few more graceful sights than a large square-rigged vessel, swaying, swan-like, in the breeze, and gliding on her destined way before a favouring wind. Small wonder that Charles Dibdin's sea-songs stir the pulses of the veriest landsman with a longing for the sea. It must be the old Norse blood of our viking ancestors that responds to the spell.

Since the great fire of 1877, which swept over two hundred acres, and caused the destruction of over sixteen hundred houses, the street architecture of St. John has been greatly



BEACON LIGHT, ST. JOHN HARBOUR, AT LOW TIDE.

improved. Stately blocks of brick and stone have taken the place of the former wooden structures.

The new Methodist, Anglican, and Presbyterian churches are beautiful stone structures that would do credit to any city. The Centenary church has a noble open roof and the elaborate tracery of the windows is all in stone. The stained glass in the windows is very fine. It is situated on the highest ground in the city, and is one of the most conspicuous object in this city of churches. The Princess Square Methodist church is also of elegant architecture and commands a magnificent view of the harbour.

St. John is essentially a maritime city. Its wharves are always in demand for shipping, and vast quantities of lumber, etc., are annually exported to other countries. It is, indeed, the fourth among the shipping ports of the world, and St. John ships are found in every part of the seas of both hemispheres. Before the introduction of steam, its clipper ships had a fame second to none, and voyages were made of which the tales are proudly told even to this day.

The great tide-fall gives curious effects when the tide is out; the wharves rise so high above the water-level, and the lighthouses look so gaunt and weird standing upon mammoth spindle-shanks, or the lofty ribs of their foundations bared to the cruel air, with tags of sea-weed fluttering from their crevices. It is decidedly odd to see the carts drawn down to the market slip, at low tide, between the stranded market-boats that rest upon their oozy beds.

In the environs of St. John there are several charming drives, one of the most striking of these is the Mananoganish Road (the "Mahogany" road, as it is often called). It runs along the narrow strip of land between the river and the sea, near the river's mouth. On one side of the road the St. John, rolling almost at your feet, affords some lovely glimpses of river scenery, while on the other side of the road, the Bay of Fundy, with its cliffs and islands and glistening sails, form a striking seascape with the lines of the Nova Scotia coast visible forty miles away. This is one of the most pleasant drives in the country. Returning, the important suburb of Carleton, which lies across the harbour, may be visited, and one may see the ruins of Fort La Tour. Houses are built on this historic ground, and they are not very imposing in their character; slabs and sawdust abound, and

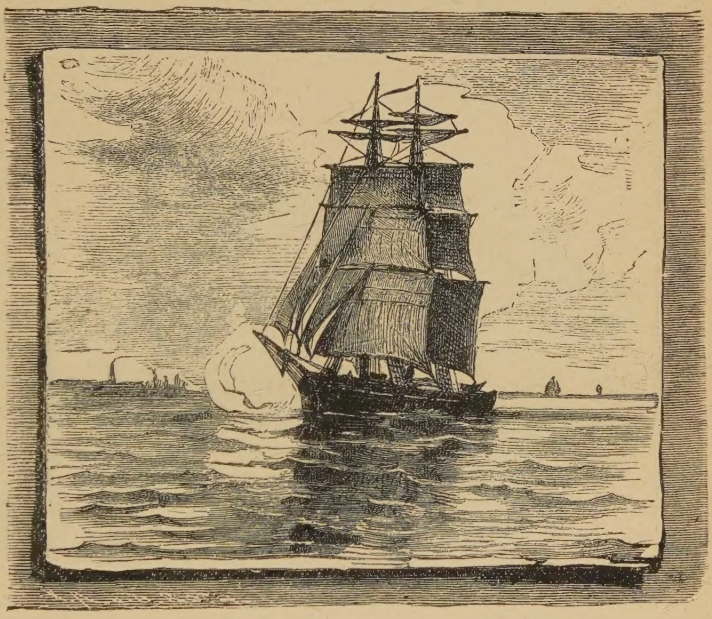
the air is at times pervaded with a decided odour of fish. Such is Fort La Tour to-day; such is the place where lived and died "the first and greatest of Acadian heroines—a woman whose name is as proudly enshrined in the history of this land as that of any sceptred queen in European story."

A commanding point of view is the old dismantled fort behind the exhibition building, where, from the carriage of a King George cannon, one can gaze on city or bay.

The drives over the rocky hills in the vicinity of St. John give land and sea views of surpassing grandeur. One of the finest of these drives is that to the Suspension and Cantilever Bridges. These fine bridges, which combine an airy grace and rigid strength, cross a rocky gorge, only four hundred and fifty feet wide, at a height of hundred feet above low-water, into which the wide waters of the St. John are compressed.

It is most impressive to look down upon the swirling, eddying tides, flecked with snowy foam, and still more so to descend to the water-side, and view the surging current, and, high in air, the graceful bridges. At low tide there is here a fall in the river of about fifteen feet. At a certain stage of the tide, and for a short time only, vessels may sail up or down over these falls, and rafts, with risky navigation, can be floated into the harbour. That these seething eddies are not without danger was shown by the wreck of a good-sized vessel which lay on her beam ends as we passed.

One of the finest marine views is that from the quaint, old feudal-looking Martello tower, on the summit of the highest hill, on the Carleton side of the harbour. It gives a complete bird's-eye view of the shipping, and on the seaward side the broad Bay of Fundy, and in the distance the blue shores of Nova Scotia, with the deep gap at the entrance to the Annapolis Basin, known as the Digby Gut. I never, in all my travels,



A TIMBER SHIP LEAVING ST. JOHN.

realized so fully the force of Tennyson's fine line:

"The wrinkled sea beneath him crawled,"

till I stood here and watched the broad expanse of wind-swept, wave-marked water; every gust and flaw leaving a ripple upon the mobile surface.

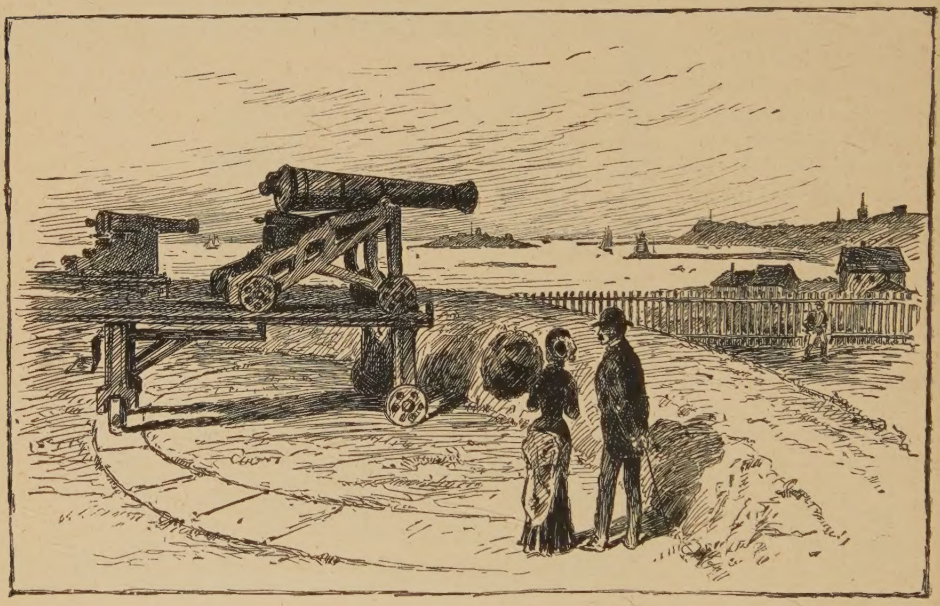
The River St. John is navigable for steamers of large size for eighty-five miles from the sea to Fredericton. This noble river, with its branches, furnish 1,300 miles of navigable

waters. At Fredericton it is larger than the Hudson at Albany. It floats immense quantities of timber to the sea, some of which is cut within sound of the guns of Quebec.

There can be nothing finer than the trip up the river from St. John on one of the day-boats that ply to Fredericton. It is a lordly stream, almost as fine in scenic effect as either the Hudson or the Rhine. It winds among its sometimes high, sometimes undulating banks, through scenes of majestic beauty. The land is mostly densely wooded, the foliage of pine and larch and fir and maple waving gently in the breeze, and everywhere the predominant pine and fir strongly marking the Canadian contour of the forests.

Fredericton, the capital, is beautifully situated on the left bank of the St. John. Its wide, elm-shaded streets, its large and imposing Methodist church, its beautiful Christ Church cathedral, its low, rambling, Parliament buildings, its substantial freestone University, commanding a magnificent outlook of the winding river—these are a pleasant memory to the present writer.

Of scarce less interest was the drive to Marysville, on the right bank of the river, the seat of the great mills of Mr. Gibson, the "lumber king" of New Brunswick. The octagonal Methodist church, beautifully grained, carved, frescoed and gilt, with stained glass lantern and windows—an exquisite architectural gem—is the free gift of Mr. Gibson to the Methodist denomination. The comfortable homes erected for his workmen, and the high moral tone of the village make this an ideal community.



OLD FORT—BACK OF EXHIBITION BUILDING.

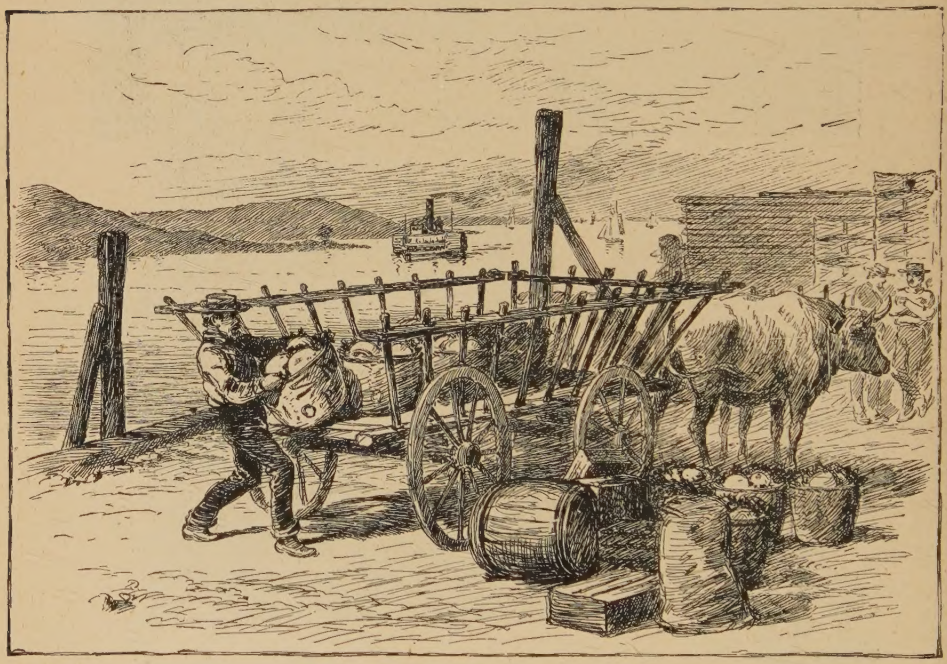
It was a beautiful day in August on which I made the trip over the Canadian Pacific Railway from St. John to the Grand Falls, a distance of one hundred and seventy miles. On reaching Woodstock bold wooded bluffs, fertile fields of yellowing grain, and apple-laden orchards delighted the eye and mind. The ride from Woodstock onward was one of

Lake Utopia
and the Falls
of St George
M·D Young
on the Magaguadavic

ideal loveliness. Woodstock, Florenceville and Tobique are pleasant towns, with many lesser villages and hamlets. On we rode on a shelf so high up on the river bank that we could in places follow its windings for miles, crossing lofty trestles and catching brief glimpses of narrow glens between the hills, of quaint little mills and sequestered nooks.

As one approaches the Grand Falls the country becomes wilder and more rugged and sterile. Here, in what I thought would be a sort of *ultima thule* of civilization, I found a comfortable hotel with electric bells and all the modern improvements. The Grand Falls far surpassed in size and sublimity anything that I had anticipated. There is below the falls a wild and lonely gorge, worn during the long, slow ages by the remorseless tooth of the cataract. It seemed as solitary as some never-before-visited ravine of the primeval world. Here I found great "pot-holes," which I estimated roughly at forty feet deep and twelve feet across, worn by the pounding and scouring of big boulders under the action of the torrent. Seldom have I seen such contorted, folded, twisted, tortured strata, rising in places in buttressed cliffs from one hundred to two hundred and forty feet high.

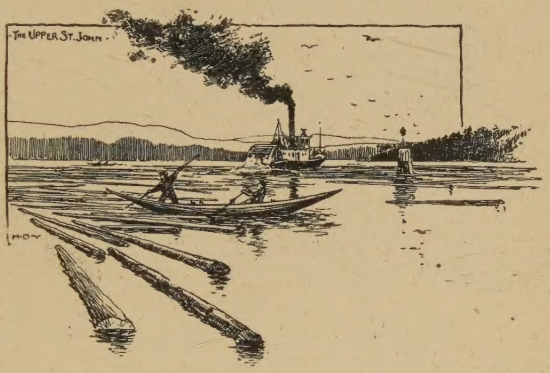
Just below, there was a huge log-jam which must await the next freshet before it could be released. Every now and then another bruised and battered log would go sweeping down the arrowy rapids, writhing like a drowning man in his death-struggle. The pines and spruces and shivering aspens clung to the rocky wall and peered over the top of the cliff, whilst the thunder of waters seemed to make the solid rock to reel, and a rich saffron sunset filled the sky. In this gorge the darkness rapidly deepened, and a feeling of



RIVER LANDING ON THE ST. JOHN.

desolation, almost of terror, made me glad to get away.

The view of the falls themselves, from the graceful suspension bridge thrown across their very front, was almost more impressive. Pale and spectral, like a sheeted ghost in the gathering darkness, they gleamed; and all night I could hear, when I awoke, their faint voice calling from afar.



The railway goes on to Edmunston, forty miles farther, through a country peopled chiefly by Acadian French. They are mostly engaged in lumbering and in farming the fertile "intervales" by the river side. Every little village has its group of quaint, old houses, and its large Roman Catholic church. The river is here the boundary line between New Brunswick and Maine, and the Canadian and American villages face each other on its opposite banks. Few persons have any conception of the vast extent of forest on the headwaters of this great river—an extent seven times larger than that of the famous Black Forest in Germany. It is about seventy miles from Edmunston to Riviere du Loup, through a wild and rugged country, the very paradise of the devotees of the rod and gun.

The ravenous sawmills in this pine wilderness are not unlike the huge dragons that used in popular legend to lay waste the country; and, like dragons, they die when their prey, the lordly pines, are all devoured. Returning from the Grand Falls I had to get up at 3.15 on a dark and rainy morning to take the "Flying Bluenose" train which intercepts the "Flying Yankee" from Bangor, and reaches St. John about three o'clock.

KEEPING LENT.

BY ROBERT HERRICK (1591.)

Is this a fast to keepe
The larder leane
And cleane
From fat of veals and sheape?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an houre,
Or ragged goe,
Or show
A downcast look and soure?

No! 't is a fast to dole
Thy sheafe of wheate,
And meate,
Unto the hungry soule!

It is a fast from strife,
From old debate,
And hate;
To circumcise "thy life."

To show a hearte grief-rent,
To starve thy sin,
Not bin,
And that's to keep thy Lent!

EVERY-DAY LIFE IN BIBLE LANDS.

BY THE EDITOR.

PASTORAL LIFE.

"WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT."

THE keeping of sheep was one of the earliest occupations of mankind. Indeed, the history of these animals is so interwoven with the history of man that Mr. Yates is inclined to doubt if they ever existed in a wild state. So far as geology supplies any evidence, he says, it is in favour of the supposition that men, sheep and goats belong to the same epoch, no properly fossil bones of any one of the three having yet been found. In the garden of Eden, immediately after the Fall, the clothing of our first parents was, doubtless, of the skins of sheep or goats. In the dim dawn of time "Abel was a keeper of sheep," and brought of the firstlings of his flock as a sacrifice unto God. The earliest inhabitants of Persia, Mesopotamia, Syria and Palestine were addicted to the keeping of sheep. The history of the patriarchs abounds in beautiful pictures of pastoral life which we see reproduced under our eyes to-day. See the account of Jacob, in Gen. xxix. 1–10, and elsewhere. We read also, that Job in his prosperity had fourteen thousand sheep, and six thousand camels, one thousand yoke of oxen, and one thousand she asses, Job xlii. 12. This would be a large flock of sheep, even for the ranches of Manitoba at the present time.

"Every shepherd," we read, "is an abomination to the Egyptians"—on account of the invasion of their country by the Hyksos or shepherd kings. This fact, doubtless, contributed to the preservation of the separate identity of the children of Israel in Egypt. Moses was himself a keeper of sheep in the land of Midian, and so vast were the flocks of the Midianites that the sheep taken from them by Moses, as recorded in Numbers xxxi., amounted to six hundred and seven-

SHEPHERD CARRYING THE LAMBS IN HIS BOSOM.

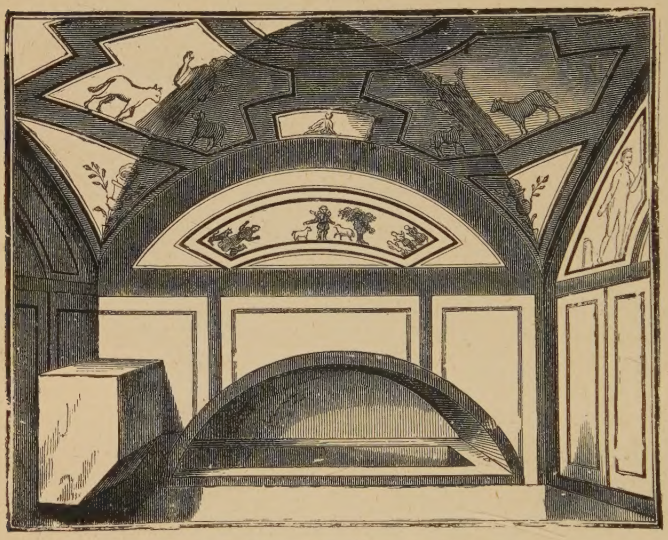
ty-five thousand, besides seventy-two thousand beeves and sixty-one thousand asses.

In the pathetic passage in Isaiah, "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way" (Is. liii. 6), so exquisitely interpreted by the plaintive music of Handel's immortal "Messiah," and in Ps. cxix. and clxxvi., "I have gone astray like a lost sheep," we have a touching description of mankind wandering from the fold.

Over and over again, among the shepherds of Palestine, have I seen striking illustrations of the beautiful passages in Isaiah xl. 11, "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young;" and of Psalm lxxx. 1, "Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock." In the loose folds of the abba, or outer garment, the weak or weary lambs

are still tenderly carried almost as a mother would carry her babe, as shown in cut on page 271.

The yearning pity of our Lord for the lost sheep of the house of Israel is shown in the tender words of Matt. ix. 36, "But when He saw the multitudes, He was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd." And should not this be our true attitude of soul to the erring and sinning?—not one of harsh condemnation, but



PAINTED CHAMBER IN THE CATACOMB OF ST. AGNES—CHRIST AS GOOD SHEPHERD IN ARCH AND CEILING.

of tender sympathy. The crowded thousands in the slums are more like dazed and bewildered sheep than like ravening wolves, to be hunted to their destruction as they often are by the relentless hand of power. They should rather be shepherded, and fostered, and gathered into the fold.

I remember once seeing a shepherd with seemingly intense solicitude counting his flock as they were folded by night. As this is not always done it would seem that he was fearful that one of them had gone astray. It brought vividly to my mind the beautiful passage, "If a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray?"

There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine:
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of Mine
Has wandered away from Me:
And altho' the road be rough and steep
I go to the desert to find My sheep."

No words in any literature of any land are more beautiful and touching than those in that sweet Hebrew idyl of which the world will never grow tired, the twenty-third Psalm, which, lisped by the pallid lips of the dying, throughout the ages, has strengthened their hearts as they entered the valley of the shadow of death; and to which our Lord lends a deeper tenderness by the parable of the Lost Sheep. Small wonder that to the persecuted flock of Christ in every time, to the church in the Catacombs, to the little flock in the midst of ravening wolves, to the harried Covenanter, to the great multitude "of whom the world was not worthy, who wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented"—small wonder that this was the favourite type of that unwearying Love that sought the erring and wandering and

EASTERN SHEPHERDS.

brought them to His fold again. In the dim, dark crypts of the Catacombs, those "dens and caves of the earth," with reiterated and manifold treatment the tender story is repeated over and over again, making the gloomy crypts bright with scenes of idyllic beauty, and hallowed with sacred associations.

This symbol very happily sets forth the entire scope of Christian doctrine. It illustrates the sweet pastoral representations of man's relationship to the Shepherd of Israel who leadeth Joseph like a flock, and his individual dependence upon Him who is the Shepherd and Bishop of all souls. But it especially illustrates the character and office of our Lord, and the many passages of Scripture in which He represents Himself as the Good Shepherd, who forsook His eternal throne to seek through the wilderness-world the lost and wandering sheep, to save whom He gave His life that He might bring them to the evergreen pastures of heaven.

The Good Shepherd is generally represented as a youthful, beardless figure, in a short Roman tunic and buskins, bearing tenderly the lost sheep which He has found and laid upon His shoulders with rejoicing. This is evidently not a personal image, but an allegorical representation of the "Lord Jesus, the Great Shepherd of the sheep." He is generally surrounded by a group of fleecy followers, whose action and attitude indicate the disposition of soul and manner of hearing the Word. Some are listening earnestly; others are more intent on cropping the herbage at their feet, the types of those occupied with the cares and pleasures and riches of this world. A truant ram is turning heedlessly away, as if refusing to listen; and often a gentle ewe nestles fondly at the Shepherd's feet or tenderly caresses His hand.

Sometimes the sheep appears to nestle with an expression of human tenderness and love on the Shepherd's shoulders; in other examples it is more or less firmly held with one or both hands, as if to prevent its escape. In a few instances the fold is seen in the background, which seems to complete the allegory. Frequently the Shepherd carries a staff or crook in His hand, on which he sometimes leans, as if weary beneath His burden. He is sometimes even represented sitting on a mound, as if overcome with fatigue, thus recalling the pathetic

A SYRIAN SHEPHERD.—"HE GOETH BEFORE THEM AND THE SHEEP FOLLOW HIM."

words of the *Dies Iræ*: "Quærens me sedisti lassus,"

"Seeking me Thou sattest weary,"

words which Dr. Samuel Johnson never could read without tears.

Sometimes the Shepherd is represented as leading or bearing on His shoulders a kid or goat instead of a sheep or lamb. This apparent solecism has been thought a careless imitation of pagan figures of the sylvan deity Pan, who frequently appears in art in this manner. It is more probable, however, that it was an intentional departure from the usual type, as if to illustrate the words of our Lord, "I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," and to indicate his tenderness towards the fallen, rejoicing more over the lost sheep that was found than over the ninety and nine that went not astray.

"There is much to be said," writes Archdeacon Farrar, "for the interpretation adopted by Mr. Matthew Arnold in his exquisite sonnet, which regards the kid as indicating the large divine compassion, against which Tertullian so fiercely protested":

"He saves the sheep, the goats He doth not save."
So spake the fierce Tertullian; but she sigh'd,
The infant Church! of love she felt the tide
Stream on her from her Lord's yet recent grave.
And then she smiled; and in the Catacombs,
On those walls subterranean, where she hid
Her head 'mid ignominy, death, and tombs,
With eyes suffused, but heart inspired true,
She her Good Shepherd's hasty image drew,
And on His shoulders not a lamb, a kid."*

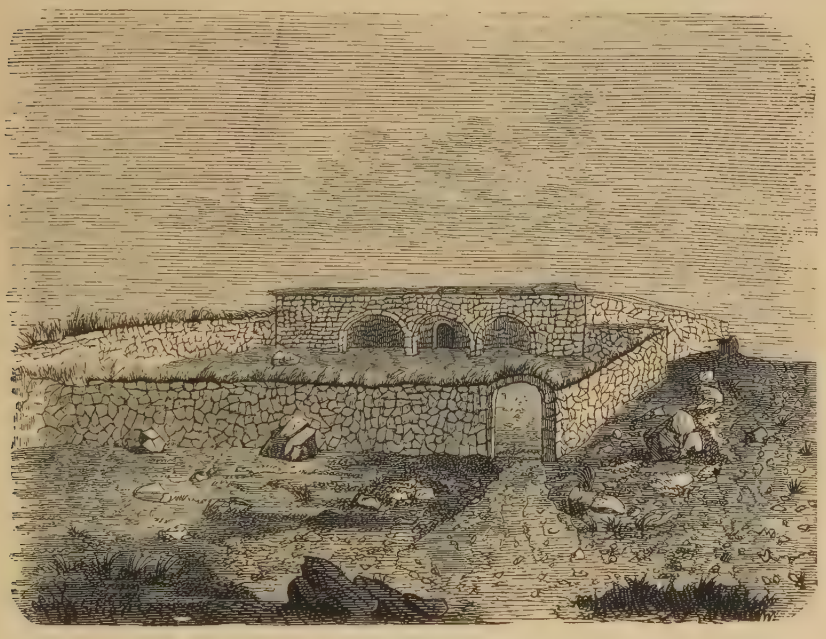
Our Lord is sometimes represented as a lamb instead of a shepherd. Indeed, this symbol is no less appropriate than the one just considered,

* The later Christian poets also celebrated this tender theme. In lines whose lyric cadence charms the ear like a shepherd's pipe Thomas Aquinas sings:

Bone Pastor, panis vere,
Jesu, nostri miserere,
Tu nos pasce, nos tuere;
Tu nos bona fac videre,
In terra viventium.

and has equally the sanction of Scripture. The manifold sacrifices of the tabernacle and temple all pointed to the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, the true Passover of mankind. The immaculate purity, gentleness, and divine affection of the Redeemer, and His patience under affliction and persecution, make this beautiful symbol an appropriate type of his innocence and sufferings as He was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep dumb before its shearers, opened not His mouth, Is. liii. 7. In the devout recognition of our Lord by John the Baptist (John i. 19), and in the sublime vision of the Apocalypse (Rev. v. 6), He is thus figuratively represented; and to this divine Lamb is chanted evermore the song of praise and honour and thanksgiving.

As a protection against the Bedouin robber strong sheepfolds were constructed, like that shown in our cut, in which the sheep were carefully guarded at night, even, if need be, at the cost of the shepherd's life. Again and again one sees the parable of the Good Shepherd enacted under his eyes. "He calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers. I am the Good Shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine," John x. 3, 4, 5, 14.



SHEEPFOLD.

At Bethlehem I witnessed a pastoral scene exactly fulfilling these words. It vividly recalled the asso-

Tu qui cuncta scis et vales,
Qui nos pascis hic mortales
Tuos ibi commensales
Cohæredes et sodales
Fac sanctorum civium.

Another mediæval hymn runs sweetly thus:

Jesu dulcissime, e throno gloriæ
Ovem deperditam venisti quærere!
Jesu suavissime, pastor fidissime,
Ad te O trahe me, ut semper sequar te!

ciations of the shepherds on the midnight fields and the angelic song of "Peace on earth, goodwill to men," which is destined yet to hush the jarring discords of earth with its sweet cadences of heavenly peace, so exquisitely expressed in the "Pastoral Symphony" of Handel's Messiah.

SHEPHERDS LEADING THEIR FLOCKS.

The custom of calling sheep by name is referred to by the Greek poet Theocritus, and is still true of shepherds in that land and also in Palestine.

We can only fully grasp, says Canon Tristram, the force of the metaphors in Psalm xxiii., when we think of the deep solitudes in which the Eastern shepherd feeds his flock. There is perpetual danger from sudden torrents, from wolves and robbers. There are but rare and scanty streams and the flock often suffers from thirst. The shepherd never leaves them. On him the sheep depend for their pasture, which is constantly changing. He goes forth daily, leading his charge, not only by the still waters and in green pastures but along rough and thorny paths, under burning skies, and through the chill of wet and dreary days. Surrounded by his vigilant dogs he "keeps watch over his flocks by night." He is ever on the alert—the type of the unwearying care of Him of whom it is said, "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." Hence the fulness of the promise, that out of Bethlehem "shall come forth a governor which shall be shepherd of my people Israel."

The shepherd in the East is generally the owner, or son of the owner, of the flock; or if it be the property of some rich man or village sheikh, he is paid, not by a day's service, but by a fixed proportion of the produce, that is the lambs, the wool and the cheese. The "hireling" is the man who happens to be hired for fixed wages merely for a day, who is not interested in the flock, nor cares to risk his skin for its defence. Hence "the hireling fleeth, because he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep," John x. 13.

ARAB WOMAN CHURNING—SEE PROV. XXX. 33.

It is curious to note how the shepherd separates the sheep from the goats. The sheep are generally white and the latter are black. While the sheep feed together on the finer grasses of the valley the goats clamber over the hillsides and in straggling order browse on the scanty herbage. Returning to the fold at night they are separated into different compartments as they enter the fold, thus giving a striking illustration of the passage, "and before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats."

The devotion of the shepherd to his flock lends new power and pathos to the beautiful parable of the poor man and the ewe lamb.

"But the poor man had nothing, save one little ewe lamb, which he had bought and nourished up: and it grew up together with him, and with his children; it did eat of his own meat, and drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter.

"And there came a traveller unto the rich man, and he spared to take of his own flock and of his own herd, to dress for the wayfaring man that was come unto him; but took the poor man's lamb, and dressed it for the man that was come to him." (2 Sam. xii. 3, 4.)

Very pleasant it was in our journeying through Palestine to hear the plaintive shepherd's pipes resounding from side to side of the narrow valleys as the shepherd lads beguiled

their pleasant task with the sweet, wild refrain. I bought from the village boys several of these pipes, which doubtless were exactly like those used by Joseph as he kept his father's flock, and by David whom God took from the sheepfold and the goats and said: "And I will set up one shepherd over them, and he shall feed them, even my servant David; he shall feed them, and he shall be their shepherd," Ezekiel xxxiv. 23. See also Ps. lxxviii. 70, 71.

The sacrificial use of the lamb and the sheep, from the time of Abel down, prefigured the great sacrifice of the Lamb of God, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world—the sacrifice prefigured in that of Isaac upon Mount Moriah, the strange type which found its great antitype and fulfilment on that same mountain after nineteen hundred years had passed away. This practice of sacrifice is still observed by the Jews, Samaritans and Moslems, and on the opening of the railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem many sheep were slain and their blood poured out as an auspicious oblation at the railway station without the walls of Jerusalem. Strange blending of an institution dating from the very dawn of time, with the latest outcome of this nineteenth century civilization!

INTERIOR OF THE SERAPEUM; OR, APIS' TOMBS.

At the sheep-shearing and other festive occasions a sheep was killed and disposed of in a very short time by the stalwart shearers or guests. At the passover feast the lamb or kid roasted whole was a characteristic dish, and on Easter Day at Nazareth, for our little company of six persons a whole roast lamb on a lordly dish was set before us.

The higher critics of our little company made merry over the statement of the writer about the Syrian sheep whose tails, as described by Aristotle, were a cubit long, and, as I had seen in a picture, were sometimes borne in little carts to prevent them from being torn by shards or flints. But when we saw in the bazaars at Damascus sheep tails weighing from ten to fourteen pounds, solid masses of fat which was used for butter, the "higher criticism" was confounded by the evidence of fact.

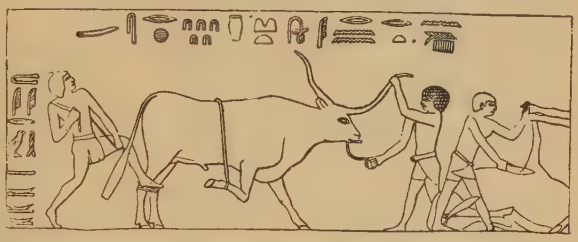
While riding over the barren hills, between Bethlehem and Mar-Saba, I passed one day an Arab encampment, where a woman was crouched, swinging, as I supposed, a baby in a hanging cot. As I drew near I found it was not a baby but a goat-skin filled with goat's milk, and the woman was not chanting a lullaby but shaking the distended skin to and fro till the milk was curdled into a sort of cheese or butter. Sometimes the skin is hung overhead and a peculiar twisting motion is given it by the hand. This explained what had been to me an obscure passage in the Proverbs, "surely the churning of milk bringeth forth

butter, and the wringing of the nose (a somewhat analogous motion) bringeth forth blood," Prov. xxx. 33.

The chief use of sheep was for the supply of clothing, wool being by far the most common material for making clothes, hence the reference in Prov. xxvii. 6, "The lambs are for thy clothing," and Prov. xxxi. 13, "She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands."

Another element of Oriental wealth was the herds of oxen. These were employed for agricultural purposes, for carrying burdens, and are enumerated, as we have seen above, as a large part of the substance of the patriarchs and Jewish tribes. At the dedication of the temple Solomon "offered unto the Lord two and twenty thousand oxen and twelve thousand sheep." The "molten sea" of this great and goodly temple stood upon twelve brazen oxen. This scriptural fact gives evidence of the plastic skill which must have been possessed by the artists by whom they were executed. The ox was sacred in Egypt and worshipped under the name of Apis with highest honours. After death their bodies were embalmed and placed in huge stone coffins, hewn out of a single block of syenite, brought at enormous cost from the quarries of Syene six hundred miles distant. In the Serapeum, at Memphis, are vast underground corridors, one eight hundred feet long. On either side are sixty-four Apis vaults, averaging 26 feet high, and roofed with stone. Twenty-four of these chambers still contain the huge sarcophagi in which the Apis mummies were deposited. These monster coffins average 13 feet in length, 7 feet in width, 11 feet in height, hewn out of solid granite, and weigh no less than sixty-five tons. The solid covers have all been pushed aside for the purpose of rifling the tomb. Four or five persons could easily sit around the small table in one of these sarcophagi. See page 278.

It was doubtless the adoption of this Egyptian superstition that led the Israelites to the making of the golden calf while Moses was on the Mount, and even Jeroboam, hundreds of years later caused two golden calves to be made and placed one in Dan and one in Bethel, saying, "Behold thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt," 1 Kings xii. 28. See also Hosea viii. 5, 6.



SACRIFICING CATTLE—FROM EGYPTIAN TOMB.

The oxen now used in Palestine are of small size and reddish colour, and look like a somewhat degenerate breed. In the marshes and fertile meadows of the Lake of Hullah, wild buffalo of a larger size, well favoured, with sleek-looking black hides and sloping horns, may be seen wallowing in the marshes or feeding in the meadows.

RING, happy bells of Easter time!
The world takes up your chants sublime,
"The Lord is risen!" The night of fear
Has passed away, and heaven draws near:
We breathe the air of that blest clime,
At Easter time.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

THE LIFE OF OUR LORD IN ART.*

IVORY CHAIR OF BISHOP MAXIMIANUS, RAVENNA.

It is not true, as has sometimes been asserted, that the early Christians entirely abjured art on account of its idolatrous employment by the pagans. It was rather baptized, like the converts from heathenism, into the service of Christianity. Indeed the very intensity of that old Christian life under repression and persecution created a more imperious necessity for religious art and symbolism.

Through the ages the ministry of art to the service of religion has been most powerful and beneficent. Art speaks a universal language—a language which he who runs may read, though he can read naught else. The ignorant slave may catch its sublime message not less than the learned lord of many acres.

It is a fascinating task that Archdeacon Farrar has undertaken—to recount the history of our Lord as represented in art from the very earliest times. To this task he has brought a wide knowledge of Christian antiquities, the special study for many years of Christian art, broad and keen sympathies, a poetic imagination and rare descriptive powers. His work differs from that of Lady Eastlake and Mrs. Jameson, in that it gives less importance to artistic technique and much more to the moral significance of art. The publishers have made this book a very *edition de luxe* in its sumptuous printing, copious illustration, especially the full-page reproductions of some of the great masterpieces of art. The symbolical binding is very elegant. Such a book is an admirable introduction and equipment to the study of Christian art.

We briefly summarize some of the conclusions of this book.

The early believers carefully avoided, as though prevented by a sacred interdict, any attempt to depict the awful scenes of Christ's passion, the realistic treatment of which in Roman Catholic art so often shocks the sensibilities and harrows the soul. This solemn tragedy they felt to be the theme of devout and prayerful meditation rather than of portrayal in art. Hence we find no pictures of the agony and bloody sweat, the mocking and the shame, the death and burial of our Lord. "The Catacombs of Rome," says Milman, "faithful to their general character, offer

* "The Life of Christ as Represented in Art. By Frederick W. Farrar, D.D , F.R.S. London: Adam & Chas. Black. Toronto. William Briggs. Octavo, pp. xix.–507. Gilt top and full gilt cover. Price, $7.35.

no instance of a crucifixion, nor does any allusion to such a subject of art occur in any of the known early writings."

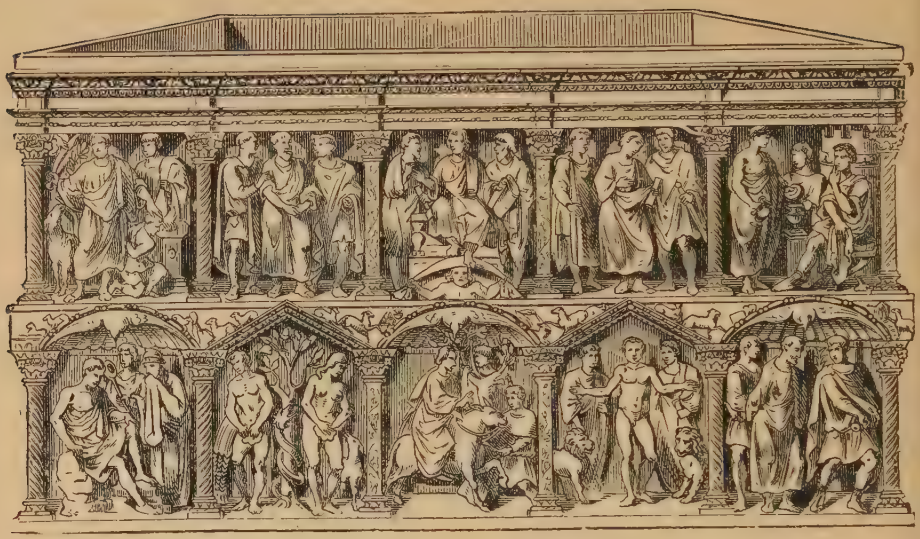
Orpheus charming the wild beasts with his lyre is a frequently recurring figure in the Catacombs, and is referred to by the early Fathers as a type of the influence of Christ, the Divine Orpheus, in subduing the evil dispositions of the mummy-like figure standing at the entrance of an open tomb.

In the large and handsome sarcophagus of Junius Bassus, now in the vaults of St. Peter at Rome, further Biblical types are represented, but there is no attempt made at proper chronological arrangement. Beginning at the upper left-hand corner, we have the sacrifice of Isaac, with a hand stretched

CEILING PAINTING—FROM CATACOMB OF ST. CALIXTUS, ROME.

heart, and drawing all men to Himself by the sweet persuasive power of His divine word. See engraving on this page.

In the margin of the engraving is shown, alternating with pastoral scenes, representations of Moses striking the rock, David with his sling, Daniel in the lions' den, and our Lord raising Lazarus. These are extremely rude in style; in the last subject Lazarus is shown as a out from the sky to stay Abraham's knife. The next group is probably the arrest of our Lord. In the central compartment, He is shown as a boy disputing with the doctors; under His feet is a personification of the earth—a conception borrowed from pagan art. The meaning of the next group is not so apparent. It is, probably, Christ witnessing a good confession before Pontius Pilate, who, in the last group, ad-



SARCOPHAGUS OF JUNIUS BASSUS, ROME.

monished by his wife, seen in the background, is about to wash his hands from the guilt of the judicial murder of our Lord.

In the second row of sculptures we have first the afflictions of Job. The complaint of the Patriarch that even his wife abhorred his breath—for so the Vulgate renders Job xix. 17—is grotesquely illustrated by a female figure holding a napkin to her nose. The next shows the fall of our first parents, between whom is seen the tree of life, around which twines the tempting serpent. The lamb and wheat-sheaf are symbols that Eve's future work is to spin wool, and Adam's to till the ground. The next group shows our Lord riding through Jericho, and saying to Zacchæus in the tree-top: "Make haste to come down; for to-day I must abide in thy house." The next group shows Daniel in the lions' den, and the last is probably our Lord led by Roman soldiers to His crucifixion.

In the spandrels of the arches, lambs are naively represented as enacting Biblical scenes. The first is the fiery furnace of Nebuchadnezzar; second, the striking of the rock in Horeb; third, the multiplying of the loaves; fourth, the baptism of Christ; fifth, the giving of the law and the sixth, the raising of Lazarus.*

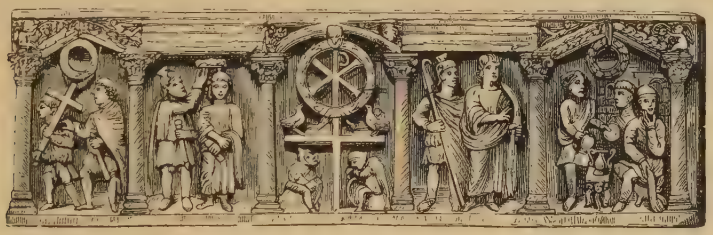
In the fine example, shown in cut on page 283, which is of the 4th or 5th century, we have first Simon the Cyrenian bearing the cross, then Christ crowned not with thorns, but with flowers, as if to symbolize His triumph; then Christ guarded by a Roman soldier; and in the last compartment He is witnessing a good confession before Pontius Pilate.

Of about the year 550 is the magnificent ivory chair of Bishop Maximianus of Ravenna, shown in cut on page 280. It is entirely covered with carvings, somewhat after the manner of the sarcophagus of Junius Bassus. The vine-like friezes, with their lions, deer, peacocks, etc, exhibit much artistic feeling. The central group above is the creation of Eve from the side of the sleeping Adam; that to the

* See also frescoes on pages 272 and 281 of this Magazine.

right is the adoration of the Magi. In the centre of the next row is Joseph warned in a dream to fly into Egypt, and the flight with the Virgin mother guided by an angel. Five saints occupy the front of the chair; above the centre one is the monogram of Maximianus. Other groups represent the history of Joseph.

After the age of persecution, the child-like and touching simplicity of Christian art ceased. Called from the gloomy vaults of the Catacombs to adorn the churches erected by Constantine and his successors, it gradually developed to the many-coloured splendour of the magnificent frescoes and mosaics of the basilicas. It became more and more personal and historical, and less abstract and doctrinal.



SARCOPHAGUS IN THE LATERAN MUSEUM.

With the decline of art and the corruption of Christianity, the beautiful early type disappeared, and a more austere and solemn expression was given to pictures of Christ. Although the technical means of execution were diminished, and the rendering of form became more and more incorrect, yet for powerful effect, strength of character, and depth of feeling, Christian art exhibited resources beyond anything to be found in the Catacombs.* It burst the narrow limits in which it was there confined, and found ample scope in the stately basilicas which were everywhere rising. In those vast and shadowy interiors the principal figure was that of Christ, surrounded by saints and angels, looking down upon the worshippers with awe-inspiring power, holding in His left hand the Book of Life, and raising His right in solemn menace or warning. The technical manipulation became less understood, and the artistic conception of form more and more feeble, till it gradually petrified into the formal and immobile types which characterize Byzantine art.

The vast mosaic filling the vaulted apse of the Church of Sts. Cosmo and Damian, at Rome, represented on page 284, is a characteristic example of this transition art. The somewhat intractable material—an infinite number of small bits of coloured glass or stone—give a stiffness of treatment and austere aspect to the figures which are very impressive. The date of this mosiac is about 530 A.D. The figure of our Lord, of grave and solemn aspect, and crowned with a nimbus, is supported by gold-edged clouds. He holds in His left hand the roll of the Book of Life, and the right is

* The symbols of the four evangelists—the angel, lion, ox, and eagle—are unknown in the Catacombs, and first appear in the fourth century. Sometimes these symbols have reference to the four historic aspects of redemption through Christ—the Incarnation, Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension, as explained in the following monkish rhymes:

Quatuor haec Dominum signant animalia Christum:
Est homo nascendo, Vitulusque sacer moriendo,
Et Leo surgendo, cœlos Aquilaque petendo.

MOSAIC FROM STS. COSMO AND DAMIAN AT ROME, A.D. 530.

stretched out in majestic command. St. Peter and St. Paul are conducting St. Cosmo and St. Damian, bearing their crowns of martyrdom, to our Lord. To the left, Pope Felix IV. holds a model of the church, and is thus indicated as its founder. To the right, St. Theodore—a restoration of later date—also bears his martyr crown. On the palm to the left is the phœnix—the emblem of immortality. Below, a lamb with a nimbus, the emblem of Christ, stands on a rock in the river Jordan. Twelve lambs, personifications of His disciples, approach Him from the cities of Jerusalem and Bethlehem on either side.

The type of Christ became more and more rigid and austere as the gathering shadows of the Dark Ages mantled on the minds of men. The gloomy asceticism of the monastic orders also left its impress on the art of the period, especially in the East, where the Basilian monks too faithfully illustrated the austere judgments of their founder concerning the person of Christ. The rudeness of execution of this Byzantine school was only equalled by the meanness of conception of the harsh, stiff, and blackened portraits of our Lord, in which he was represented as emphatically "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

The goblet of Duke Tascilo, of date about 788, illustrates this tendency. At the foot are half figures of four saints, while on the upper part Christ and the Evangelists appear. The letters *I.S.A.O.*, are to be read, Jesus, the Alpha and Omega, the First and the Last. The right hand is giving the benediction after the manner of the Greek Church.

Towards the close of the tenth century, art sank into its deepest degradation as the long night of the Dark Ages reached its densest gloom. The year one thousand was regarded in popular apprehension as the date of the end of time, and the final conflagration of the world,

so intensely realized in the sublime hymn,—

> Dies iræ, dies illa,
> Solvet sæclum in favilla.

The excited imagination of mankind, brooding upon the approaching terrors of the last day, found expression in the sombre character of the art of the period. The tender grace of the Good Shepherd of the Catacombs gave place to the stern, inexorable Judge, blasting the wicked with a glance and treading down the nations in His fury. Christ was no longer the Divine Orpheus, charming with the music of His lyre the souls of men, and breathing peace and benediction from His lips, but the *"Rex tremendæ majestatis,"* a dread Avenger, striking the imagination with awe, and awakening alarm and remorse in the soul. All the stern denunciations of the Hebrew prophets, and the weird imagery of the Apocalypse, found intensely realistic treatment in art. Christ smites the earth with a curse, and consumes the wicked like stubble. "A fire goeth before him, and burneth up his enemies round about." The great white throne is set, and from beneath it a flame bursts forth, devouring the guilty objects of His wrath. Like an angry Jove,* He hurls the thunderbolts of His fury, and blasts with the lightning of His power. The angels tremble in terror at His frown, and even the intercession of the Virgin Mother avails not to mitigate the dread displeasure of her Divine Son. Down to the period of the Renaissance, the tragic scenes of the Last Judgment continue to be favourite subjects in art, and exhibit some of its most remarkable achievements; but not all the genius of Orcagna or of Michael Angelo can reconcile our minds to the savage sternness and ferocity of the frescoes of the Campo Santo and the Sistine Chapel.

Christ is also frequently depicted in mediæval art with His staff and scrip, His "scallop hat and shoon," setting out upon His weary, mortal pilgrimage; returning to heaven as a toil-worn man leaning heavily

TASILO'S GOBLET, A.D. 788.

upon His staff,* or showing to the Father sitting on His throne, His wounded hands and side. He is

* In the austere drama of Dante Christ receives the title of Sovereign Jove:

> O summo Giove,
> Che fosti 'n terra per noi crocifisso.—*Purgat.*, canto vi.

In mediæval art Christ is frequently modelled after the pagan *Jupiter Tonans.*

* In some quaint French verses accompanying one of these pictures our Lord, in giving an account of His journey, in characteristic accord with the erroneous theology of the times, is made to intimate that He would fain have avoided the unwelcome task:

> "Père," dist Jhésus, "retourné
> Suis á toy, et ai consummé
> Ce que faire me commandas
> Quant jus ou monde m'envoyas,
> *Dont bien je m'en feusse passé.*"
> —*Romant des Trois Pélerinages*, A.D. 1358.

also seen, as in the sublime vision of St. John, riding in majesty on his white horse, accompanied by the armies of the sky; as trampling beneath His feet the lion and dragon, and as chaining death and hell. In Greek art, especially, He is exhibited as a throned archbishop, arrayed in gorgeous vestments, receiving the homage of saints and angels, or offering the sacrifice of the mass as the great High Priest entered into the holiest of all.

GOD THE FATHER, THE VIRGIN MARY, AND JOHN THE BAPTIST.—
ALTAR PIECE IN CHURCH OF ST. BAVON, GHENT.

It was long before the most audacious pencil dared to represent in painting or sculpture the omnipotent Jehovah, or the infinite Spirit, who sustains and pervades the universe. M. Emeric David says the French artists of the ninth century had first the "happy boldness"—*heureuse hardiesse*—to depict the Eternal Father under human form. M. Didron asserts that it was not till the twelfth century that the Divine Being was personally represented, being previously invariably indicated by the symbol of a hand, or by the divine name written in a triangle surrounded by a circle.

But the literal conception of the age was not content with a symbolical indication of the Deity. By gradual development the arm as well as the hand was portrayed, and art, gradually growing bolder, attempted the representation of that face which inspiration declares no man can see and live. But at first it is the face alone that is shown. Then, with progressive daring, the bust and upper part of the body are painted as reaching forth from the clouds,

and finally the entire figure appears under various aspects and in different characters. The Almighty is represented armed with sword and bow as the God of battles, as crowned like a king or emperor, and finally as Pope, wearing the pontifical tiara and vestments.

In the large engraving, shown on page 286, of the great altar-piece by Hubert Van Eyck, in the Church of St. Bavon, in Ghent, God the Father is represented, crowned with the triple Papal tiara, bearing a sceptre, and with His right hand raised in benediction. He is enveloped in the folds of a superb crimson and pearl-embroidered mantle. The expression is benignant, and the whole figure impressively solemn. To the left sits the Virgin Mary, in her traditional robe of blue, on her head a diadem, her long, fair hair flowing over her shoulders. To the right is the venerable figure of John the Baptist, his camel's hair coat appearing beneath a splendid mantle of green. Beneath this striking group is a noble picture of the Adoration of the Lamb, an exquisite masterpiece of Flemish art.*

The omnipotent Jehovah is sometimes represented as "the Ancient of Days," under the form of a feeble old man bowed down by the weight of years, and fain to seek support by leaning heavily on a staff, or reposing on a couch after the labours of creation.† The treatment becomes more and more rude, even to the borders of the grotesque,* and the conception becomes mean, coarse, and vulgar, till all the Divine departs, and only human feebleness remains, indicating at once the degradation of taste, decline of piety, and corruption of doctrine.

But this grossness of treatment reaches its most offensive development in the impious attempt to represent the sublime mystery of the Holy Trinity by a grotesque figure with three heads, or a head with three faces joined together, somewhat after the manner of the three-headed image of Brahma, in the Hindu mythology. In other examples the Trinity is represented by three harsh, stiff, aged figures, identified by the attributes of the tiara, cross, and the dove, enveloped in one common mantle, and jointly crowning the Virgin Mary in heaven, whose flowing train the angels humbly bear. By this degradation of Deity and exaltation of Mary, we may mark the infinite divergence in faith and practice of the modern Church of Rome, from the simplicity, purity and orthodoxy of the ancient Church of the Catacombs. Thus art, which is the daughter of Paganism, relapsing into the service of superstition, has corrupted and often paganized Christianity, as Solomon's heathen wives turned his heart from the worship of the true God to the practice of idolatry.†

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* A fine copy of this is in the Art Gallery of the Normal School, Toronto (south wall of east room). It was on the *fête* of the Assumption of the Virgin that the present writer studied these famous paintings in the Church of St. Bavon, at Ghent. A procession of priests in crimson and purple and gold, accompanied by vergers with crosses, halberds and maces, and peasants in blue blouses and wooden shoes, passed through the aisles, while the deep-toned organ shook the solid walls. It was like a scene from the middle ages.

† In an example figured on page 359 of Withrow's Catacombs, the everlasting Father, throned in glory, crowned in a quintuple tiara and robed in alb and tunic, supports a cross on which hangs the lifeless body of the Divine Son. On mediæval symbolism, Didron's *Iconographie Chretienne* is a perfect mine of information.

* We have seen a picture of the Creation, in which the Almighty was represented as a feeble old man, dressed in ecclesiastical robes, *with a lantern in His hand.*

† This whole subject is treated with great fulness of detail and copious pictorial illustration in Withrow's "Catacombs of Rome." London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $2.10.

LIFE IN RUSSIA.

BY MRS. A. KIRBY.

THE first thing that struck me on entering Russia was its vastness. The dreary monotony of the great plains and dense forests through which the railway runs, and the very few towns seen from the train add to this impression. After four years' stay in the country, when I had grown familiar with several parts of the great empire, its greatness still astonished me.

This vastness of the Czar's territory I emphasize because I wish to point out that, although I visited Russia from north to south and saw European life in all its forms, yet a very great deal must have escaped my notice. When I am asked if such and such an atrocity could really have taken place; if the knout is still used, if people often die of famine, or if others are sent to Siberia without trial, I can only answer, "I cannot tell." Nothing of the kind happened to my knowledge during the time I was in Russia, and most of my Russian acquaintances would say the same. It is not possible to know what happens in villages hundreds of miles from a railway or a post-town where there is no telegraph, no telephone, no free press and, in fact, no newspaper.

I found the Russians an interesting study; they are a strange mixture of old-fashioned simplicity and modern culture. In many Western countries gratitude seems to be fast becoming a thing of the past. In Russia every little kindness is deeply felt and never forgotten, and no one who has ever eaten bread and salt in another man's house would grudge him a favour or dream of doing him harm. Never is grace forgotten after meals, and immediately after grace the host and hostess are also separately thanked, even by their own children. After a journey, too, travellers go to church to return thanks for their safety.

Hospitality is another marked trait in the national character. When we were in town, anyone calling within an hour of dinner-time was always pressed to stay, and the best viands were at once ordered. In the country the moment carriage-bells were heard the house-steward would inform the mistress of the house, and she would order a suite of rooms to be got ready immediately,—for the visitors, whether friends or mere acquaintances, or sometimes even strangers, were expected to stay as long as they could.

Reverence, loyalty, and respect for superiors are other strongly marked features. Their loyalty and reverence spring from their religion, for in the Russian Church the anointing of the Emperor and also of priests is a sacrament, and those so anointed are considered worthy of obedience and of special consideration, though they are not thought to be infallible.

Respect for superiors is fostered by the peculiarities of Russian society. Every nobleman (and all are nobles who are not peasants) starts in life as a person of the lowest rank, no matter what rank his father holds. His life is essentially a military life. Directly he leaves school or college he has to serve a few years in the army, and then, unless he prefers to remain in the lowest rank of the social scale, he is obliged to serve in the official rank, or he may continue his career as a soldier.

There are, if I remember rightly, eight or ten ranks, and it is entirely due to his own credit, and to the good opinion of those in authority about him, if a young man gradually works his way up. The Em-

peror alone confers the rank upon each individual, but he generally acts according to the advice of the governor, or of the grand marshal, of the province in which the young man resides. One can tell at a glance the rank of every man, for when not wearing the actual order they always have a bit of ribbon denoting it in their button-holes.

In some cases orders and advancement flow in with great regularity, but there are often instances when a hard-working, loyal man seems to have been overlooked. I remember seeing a doctor, nearly sixty years of age, burst into a flood of tears at the unexpected presentation of an order which admitted him to the sixth rank, and one of Mr. A——'s secretaries looked inclined to embrace everybody when, after many years' service, he was given the sword or dagger of nobility.

You may be surprised that I spoke of a doctor receiving an order, but doctors are all under the Government. They are paid by the State, and from the surgeon in each village to the superintendent or surgeon-in-chief of each government, all are subject to supervision. Each has a certain round of visits to make to different villages or towns, somewhat like sanitary inspectors, and they all wear uniforms. In the larger towns there are, of course, specialists, who are under no authority, but they are generally attached to some hospital and are, therefore, in most cases paid by the Government. Gratitude as a national trait is evident with regard to doctors, for on recovering from a severe illness a Russian will first go to church and make a thank-offering—generally giving a new picture—and will then send a magnificent present to the doctor or doctors who attended him. This state of Russian society certainly fosters discipline, obedience and respect, but I think it rather tends to check that independent spirit which British nations so highly esteem.

I have been told by Englishmen that rank is sold in Russia to the highest bidder, but I am sure this is not the case. That idea must have arisen from the fact that when an order is bestowed upon one all he receives is the ribbon—the ornament he has to pay for. One may get a tin one, a silver one, or one elaborately worked in gold and set with magnificent diamonds, and as the Russians are fond of jewels they generally buy the diamonds. All these stars and ornaments are purchased from the Government, and in that way, no doubt, a nice little sum is realized.

The love of magnificence is, I think, a special feature of Eastern nations, but I imagine no court is more imposing in display than that of Russia, though I read only a few months ago that the Corean court was still more gorgeous. St. Petersburg has been called the "City of Palaces," and in no other city in Europe is to be seen such an array of imposing buildings as those on the English Quay and Nevsky Prospekt along the south side of the Neva. But St. Petersburg is hardly, in a true sense, a Russian city—it is what Peter the Great said it should be, viz., "a window through which Russians can see Europe." Moscow must be visited in order that Russian taste in architecture may be understood. The nucleus of the city is the Kremlin—a collection of imperial palaces and churches surrounded by a fortified wall and the river. Formerly each Russian town had its Kremlin, and around it artisans and peasants built their workshops and their cottages. The irregularity and variety of the buildings in Moscow is one of its greatest charms, and the bazaars of merchants from all corners of the great empire are most fascinating.

The grandeur of the interior of the Kremlin is beyond my power to describe, and for an account of the view of Moscow from one of the

Kremlin churches, I quote the following from Dr. Talmage:

"Last summer I saw Moscow, in some respects the most splendid city under the sun. I ascended a tower of some two hundred and fifty feet, just before sunset, and on each platform higher were bells, large and small, and I climbed up among the bells, and then as I reached the top all the bells underneath me began to ring, and they were joined by the bells of fourteen hundred towers and domes and turrets. When Napoleon saw Moscow burn, it could not have been more brilliant than when I saw all the fourteen hundred turrets aflame with the sunset, roofs of gold and walls of malachite, and architecture of all colours, mingling the brown of autumnal forests, and the blue of summer heavens, and the conflagration of morning skies, and the green of rich meadows, and the foam of tossing seas."

The churches are certainly very striking, and the interiors are a mass of gold and glitter. All the modern churches are decorated with beautiful frescoes done by celebrated Russian artists, such as Vereschagin and Nieff—these, and the curious sacred pictures, covered almost entirely with gold and silver wonderfully worked in imitation of the painting that the metal hides, and the high altar screen, gilt and studded with precious stones, make a very magnificent whole. It is no wonder that the peasant forms his idea of Heaven from his own parish church. In some of the large churches there are pillars of malachite and lapis lazuli and of other semi-precious stones, and the vestments of the priests are one mass of jewels.

The gentleman in whose family I lived so long was an official of high rank—one rank below the grand dukes. He had never served in the army, for his mother was a widow and he her only son. He held various offices, such as Chamberlain to his Majesty, Master of Court, Member of the Privy Council, and besides these and others directly under the Crown, he was elected by the nobles of his own Government, several years in succession, to be their grand marshal. This made him the second man of importance in a province larger than England.

Duties connected with his position as grand marshal kept Mr. A—— and his family in the chief town of the Government during most of the winter months. The house they had there was not very large,—nothing to be compared with the country house, but the six reception rooms were very spacious, and all the furniture was from Paris. The offices, such as kitchens, cellars, servants rooms and coachmen's quarters, were situated in smaller buildings round the stable yard. There were five men cooks, though only the three best were generally brought to town, seven footmen, one butler, two page-boys, and a maid for every lady in the house. All the scrubbing and washing-up was done by wives of the coachmen and watchmen living in the yard.

Russian houses are always guarded by watchmen, who march round the house all night long. To show that they are not asleep they have to use a wooden clapper. It is sometimes difficult to sleep with two wooden clappers going in the yard and another in the street, especially when one of the men chooses to stand half an hour under your window. One summer, in the country, Mr. A—— thought a change desirable and instituted penny trumpets instead of the clappers, but penny trumpets are not all made on one note and two men would constantly walk near enough to produce the most excruciating discords, so the clappers were again resorted to.

Besides the watchmen, an armed sentry stood at the front doors of high officials. In the country they had in constant use ten saddle-horses and thirty-two carriage-horses, a separate coachmen for every four. They seldom drove fewer than four horses all abreast; only two or three coachmen were brought to town.

Open house was kept, and we seldom had a meal alone; the cooking and arrangement of the numerous courses were excellent, and the choicest French wines were the daily beverages. The grand dinners, when sometimes there were as many as three hundred guests, were long and tedious for those who cannot fast twenty-four hours beforehand, but the gorgeous uniforms of the gentlemen (for no one is ever permitted to doff his uniform in Russia) and the glittering jewels and handsome dresses worn by the ladies were always worth seeing. Russians of the upper class are highly educated. The Government schools are extremely good and in most of them there are classical and modern studies. French and German are universally taught and generally English also. English books are their standard works and they are far more cognizant of English literature than are many of the English themselves. The very rich do not generally patronize the schools, but have tutors and governesses for their children at home. Whilst I was companion in Mr. A——'s family, they had a German governess and a lady professor of music (a favourite pupil of Rubenstein's) resident in the house, and five masters came every other day. Yet there were only two pupils—girls of fifteen and sixteen. Their English was perfect, for they had had an English nurse and then an English governess for ten years. Since then they have thoroughly mastered Italian.

Nothing is more remarkable than the wonderful advance made by Russia in civilization during the last two hundred years. In the middle ages she suffered for three hundred years from the invasions and domination of Tartars. Repeated appeals to other European courts for sufficient help to throw off the galling Tartar yoke were unheeded, though the moment a Tartar army crossed the German frontier all Europe rose in arms as against a common foe.

The constant struggle with the Tartars and the ceaseless oppression Russia suffered, completely exhausted her, and it was only towards the close of the last century, when Catharine the Great defeated the last tribes that still held sway in the Crimea, that the people gradually awoke to the feeling of security and freedom. Since then the upper classes have made such rapid strides that they rank with, and indeed surpass most European nations in refinement and culture.

On the other hand the peasants are the most ignorant, superstitious and simple-minded of races, but it must be remembered that until about thirty years ago they were slaves, bought and sold with the land upon which they were born. Alexander II., who liberated them, also forced education upon them. By many people this step has been considered a mistake, for the peasants were not anxious to learn and the Government was not prepared with a sufficient number of qualified teachers for the enormous number of villages. The consequence is that Nihilists have crept into the posts and have fast been spreading their revolutionary ideas. Where no evil influence has been rife amongst them the villagers are most happy and contented. Like the negroes, they are always laughing and singing. Their wants are simple and are easily supplied from their farms or by their winter industries. They are clean in appearance, and their national dress, of which there are forty varieties, is highly picturesque. Each village has a public bath, very much like Turkish baths, and it is very much frequented.

The cottages, built entirely by the peasants themselves, are made chiefly of twisted willows very thickly plastered. Both inside and outside they are neatly white-washed or

colour-washed, the roof is thatched and the floor strewn with fine sand. The chief object in the principal room, and often the only one, is the enormous stove. This is like a large box, about six feet square, resting on the ground and entirely encased in plaster, which sometimes forms a bed for the family.

They are a deeply religious people but very superstitious; not at all afraid to die, for they know the next world will be a happier one—has not their priest told them so? Each village is a little commune and the heads of families govern it. They elect a mayor, or elder as he is called, who presides at their village councils, and represents the village at the district parliament. He is also responsible for the taxes from his own village. These taxes are paid in agricultural produce, which forces the peasants to work the farms the Government has allotted them. Women are the best workers and do as much as men in the fields. Fathers of families marry their sons early and generally choose their wives for them with an eye to getting the strongest, most hard-working women in their families. Several generations live in the same cottage and have to cultivate the same allotment, for it is only when the census is taken that the men over twenty-one are admitted to the parish council.

The census is taken, I believe, every ten years, and then the village land is re-divided to enable the newly-admitted members to have a plot. This re-dividing is disadvantageous to the land, for a peasant is not encouraged to improve his land when he knows that it may belong to someone else a few years hence. In the south-central district where we generally spent the summer months, the land is extremely fertile and the peasants have no difficulty in reaping an abundant harvest and are seldom willing to do any farm work for the great man of the village. The land is never manured but is allowed to rest for two years after each crop of wheat.

In many parts of the north the soil is very poor and the village farms are generally left to the care of the oldest and youngest members of the community, whilst the strongest—women as well as men—go south to do harvest work for the wealthy. They camp out in the fields and after their three or four months' work, journey back to their own district, taking with them wheat, tobacco, hemp, flax and maize, etc., as part of their wages.

In the winter months the peasants are busy weaving linen and hemp and in some villages they make nails, and in others boots, etc. Although as a rule ignorant and lazy, they are very quick to learn, not only handicrafts but also higher branches of education. In Mr. A——'s village there were coach-builders, cabinet makers, lace makers, and workers in metal, and many others. Amongst the footmen (who were villagers) all understood French, two of them spoke French and English perfectly, one was quite an artist, another made all the liveries, and all were very musical.

Russia is essentially a musical nation, and I very much enjoyed listening to the work-people going home, or to soldiers on the march, all singing their quaint, somewhat melancholy songs. In the churches, too, the singing is very effective—the entire service, including the music, is just as it was when St. John Chrysostom was their arch-bishop. The Russians consider that no instrument made by mortal hands is good enough for divine worship, so there is no accompaniment to the singing, and indeed I think it is better without. The boys' voices are perfect, and the men, especially the priests, have a most extraordinary range of bass notes. My singing master, in England, told me that the English had tried in vain to acquire the rich, deep bass of the

Russian priests—it must have become an hereditary art, as priests' sons are always brought up to the priesthood. In higher ranks music is very much cultivated, and gentlemen play the piano and other instruments as well as ladies do. I was never at a loss to find gentlemen able to play my accompaniments at sight.

There is a great need of an influential middle class in Russia. The peasants are too poor and ignorant to start any enterprise, and the rich are too well-to-do. At present this class is, to a small extent, filled by Germans and Jews. Germans rent farms and are engineers and merchants; the Jews are bankers, shopkeepers and inn-keepers. As the village inn-keeper the Jew has a strong hold over the peasants, for the great weakness the Russian peasant has for a liquor called vodki takes him regularly to the tavern on holidays, and he is often easily persuaded by the Jew to deposit his weekly earnings with him. In countless instances the Jew defrauds the peasant, hence the strong feeling of hatred that he has excited. In the town of E——, where we spent most of the winter, there were over twenty thousand Jews out of a population of thirty thousand. They were very much disliked, and the governor often had great difficulty in protecting them from the Russians.

I must not forget to mention one tribe of Jews who are very much respected, they are called the Karaim Jews. They are a tall, handsome race, honest and upright in their dealings, and have been living in Russia over twenty-four centuries. In the Crimea we visited one of their old forts, said to have been built five hundred years before Christ. They are supposed to have escaped the curse and punishment of the rest of the tribe of Judah, as they did not participate in the death of Christ; as they reject the Talmud and do not consider that Christians and heathen may be cheated with impunity, they are in every way superior to the ordinary Jew.

Russians are very fond of travelling and, thanks to their wealth, they are able to travel very comfortably, but as officials they always have to obtain leave of absence from the Emperor when quitting their own country. The A—— family invariably had a private carriage entirely to themselves, somewhat resembling a Pullman. The most tedious part of our travels was the journey by road to and from the country house, which was about ninety miles from town.

There were seven of us besides one or two maids and men, and we went in three coaches, each drawn by eight horses when the roads were heavy, at other times by six. They were post horses and we had to change three times. The kitchen utensils, cooks and the other maids, etc., started two days before us in waggons drawn by a team of twenty-six oxen. We left town early in the morning to get as far as possible before the heat became unbearable and generally rested three or four hours at one of Mr. A——'s villages forty miles from town. With the exception of that village, and one or two hamlets, we did not pass a house of any description the whole of the ninety miles. There was no road, only a track, and no fences to separate it from the fields of corn or meadows of virgin pasture on either side, and trees were only visible near villages or rivers. The heat was intense, often accompanied by a dry, burning wind which causes the skin to crack and blister, and nothing to relieve the monotony but the bells on the horses and the crack of the postillion's whip. At intervals mounted policemen would be waiting for us to inform us which road was the best, or to warn us of the swollen state of certain rivers. Once I remember our coachman, after receiving whis-

pered instructions, took off his cap and said a short prayer; then, gathering up the reins, he whipped his horses towards a small bridge and made them gallop over. Upon inquiry afterwards, why he went so fast, we discovered that he had been told the bridge was full of holes, but that the police had covered it with twigs and straw to prevent the horses from shying, and he had thought it the wisest course to go fast whilst his prayer was still on his lips.

In winter this would have been a perilous journey from the intense cold, the difficulty in finding the way, and also from the wolves. A peasant whom we knew, when driving home late in the autumn, was overtaken by a pack of wolves. He saw or heard them from a distance, so he threw the reins down on the horses' backs and lay down at the bottom of the waggon, carefully covering himself with his sheepskin coat. The horses galloped as fast as fright could make them, and only stopped when one of them dropped down exhausted. The man escaped, for wolves will not eat dead animals, and they mistook the man, covered as he was with his coat, for a dead sheep.

COOKSHIRE, P.Q.

EASTER: LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

BY EUGENE ALLEN NOBLE.

UNDER the far-off Syrian sky,
Where God's bright stars shine crystal clear,
The Son of God was hung to die;
Oh, mystery we love and fear!

Forth from the skull-like hill of shame,
Into a quiet garden fair—
The "oil-press" place, that was its name,
His broken, lifeless corpse they bear.

Men's angry scoff and cruel scorn,
And all their boisterous, bigot zeal,
Their jesting rude, and oaths loud-sworn,
Could not their doubt and fear conceal.

Lest, Lazarus like, from death and mold
He into complete life should come;
Lest, "borne away by friendship bold!"
And so they sealed the rock-hewn tomb.

A corps of soldiers through the night
Kept faithful watch and careful guard;
Who conquers that strong band must fight
Brave as a baffled beast, and hard.

That bird of passion, eagle bold,
Symbol of Rome's imperial sway,
Upon the spear-staff, wrought in gold,
Certain of conquest, wings its way.

And wheresoe'er that symbol gleams,
Man's will must yield, his hopes decline.
The stone is set, and power seems
To overmaster love divine.

But ere the first-day sun is risen,
By agents only known to God,
Loosed from the stone-sealed, rock-hewn prison,
A conquering Saviour walks abroad.

Burst from the breast of earth for joy,
Ye sweetest flowers of the spring!
Mortals, your swiftest speed employ
To herald an immortal King

And angel choirs, by us unseen,
Chant triumph-song through heaven's high hall;
Sin's serpent sting and death's dark mien
Are vanquished by the Lord of all.

The tyrant Roman's rod of might,
The frenzied malice of the Jew,
Availeth naught against the right;
They vanish like a morning dew.

Love lives! and from a glorious grave
Our Christ comes forth, a victor strong to save.

THE Cross! It takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

—*Thomas Kelly.*

A DAY IN THE TORONTO GENERAL HOSPITAL.

BY THE REV. JOHN HUNT.

How much may be experienced in one day in the Toronto General Hospital! A day spent among the sick, the suffering, the sorrowing, the dying! During the past few years I have spent many days there. Some of those days have been followed by seasons of deep depression, which cannot at once be shaken off. Others have been occasions of devout thankfulness to the gracious Father above, that He has been pleased to use me to convey a message of salvation or comfort to any suffering, dying child of His. Apart from the consciousness of doing the work required by the blessed Master, there is a singular fascination about it, which seems to be all but irresistible.

I remember being much interested many years ago while reading "The Diary of a Physician," which portrays many scenes similar to those witnessed in hospitals, and there are many admirable magazine articles of to day of equal interest in the accounts given of the treatment of disease. Books on nursing, and the skill required properly to perform that duty, are also replete with interest. Now, a chaplain cannot give the experience of a physician, nor be expected to discuss from a scientific standpoint, the treatment of disease or surgery. I propose only to present a general view, and give some impressions of the good work done.

CHAPLAINCY.

As this is a general hospital, no religious denomination can have any precedence. There is no hospital chaplain, but the different denominations of the city appoint a minister to attend patients of their own branch of the Church, and any other work which may be deemed appropriate or desirable. On the entrance of any patient, among other things, there is a record of the church to which he is attached. From this entry book the minister can ascertain every day what patients belong to the Church which he represents. And here I would like to say, I have met with the utmost degree of kindness and consideration from the medical superintendent and all connected with the hospital. I have been repeatedly called for, during both night and day, when it was thought anyone desired or needed religious counsel or comfort. There are also opportunities for holding religious services for all desiring and able to attend in the theatre. There are three services every Sabbath, and also a service on Thursday evening. On some occasions the number in attendance has been upwards of seventy.

In addition to the hospital library, distributed and exchanged weekly by ladies who volunteer for that purpose, there is a large amount of religious and general literature circulated by others. It has been my privilege, through the kindness of Rev. Dr. Withrow, to distribute more than one hundred copies weekly of the Sunday-school publications under his charge. From their bright, attractive pictures, short stories and sketches of travel, these are, I think, specially adapted to sick people who cannot pay consecutive attention for any length of time.

GOVERNMENT AND STAFF.

The governing power of the hospital is in the hands of five trustees; three appointed by the Government, one by subscribers to the hospital funds, and the Mayor of Toronto.

The medical staff, appointed annually by the Board of Trustees, consists of leading physicians, surgeons and specialists resident in the city, in the various departments of medical science. There is also, resident in the hospital, the house staff of eight, appointed by the same authority, and selected every spring from the graduates of the schools of medicine. These hold their positions for one year, and have the benefit, alternately, of each department in the hospital. They are expected to carry out the instructions of the daily visiting physician, and, in some cases of emergency, may be required to promptly act on their own judgment. Their position is one of great value for their future life-work, as in the daily visitation of some hundreds of patients, they must gain an experience of immense importance. Nor is their position free from danger. It is but recently that a superior young man, after months of suffering, entirely lost the sight of one eye, caused by accidental contact with putrid matter from a wound which he was dressing. The whole institution is under the management of Dr. O'Reilly, the Medical Superintendent, whose care and zeal in that position have been evinced for nearly twenty years. To this may be added the earnest and kindly care of Miss Snively, the lady superintendent, and her assistant, Miss Haight. These ladies may be frequently seen in the wards giving directions, and speaking a word of sympathy to some suffering patient.

THE AMBULANCE SERVICE.

The ambulance service is an important adjunct of the hospital. Of these vehicles there are three under the management of the Police Commissioners, to be used for medical purposes, and in cases of accident. Those used for infectious diseases are under the direction of the Board of Health. The accident ambulances are constructed after the most approved model, and are designed to convey anyone who may need the greatest degree of care, with as much ease and quietness as possible. Each ambulance is furnished with a box containing various surgical instruments and other necessary appliances, and also medicines ready for use. The ambulances are stationed in a building on Court Street, which is in communication, by telephone, with all the police stations and with the hospital. In case of any street accident it is the duty of the nearest policeman to summon the ambulance, and, if convenient, to procure a surgeon, who may determine the nature of the injury, and administer temporary relief, and direct the patient to be conveyed to the hospital or, if desired, to his own home. In cases of infectious or contagious disease, the Medical Board of Health physician will send the ambulance used for that class of patients. I have noticed that the sound of the ambulance gong, as it drives up to the main entrance of the hospital, generally excites a good deal of interest and inquiry among the inmates who are able to go about or look out of the windows. This may arise from curiosity, or partially from sympathy, knowing by that sign that another sufferer is added to their number.

MEDICAL EDUCATION.

It is but natural, and of the first importance, that an institution established on the basis of the Toronto General Hospital, with its suitable appliances, and numerous patients, many of them cared for at the expense of the city, should be utilized to promote medical education. There are in the city three medical schools —one in connection with the Toronto University, the Trinity Medical College, and the Women's Medical College. The majority of the students at these institutions receive their bed-side instruction at the hospital. Clinical surgery, and clinical medi-

cine, including pathology and therapeutics, are the subjects of lectures daily for a considerable time during the term of these schools. In the large theatre, on stated occasions, surgical operations are performed which may be witnessed by several hundred students at once. The skilful performance of difficult operations, and the dressing of wounds which follows, must be of incalculable value to young men about to commence one of the noblest of professions. Among the honourable callings of to-day, there are none more important, and which require a wiser head, a keener eye, a steadier hand, and I may add, which is of equal importance, a more sympathetic heart, than that of the physician.

There is another feature which in years gone by was unknown in the Toronto General Hospital, but which at present has become quite familiar, though some intelligent patients have expressed their surprise to me when first seen. It is to see the Dean of the Women's Medical College, or some other medical gentleman, followed by fifteen or twenty young lady students, who expect ere long to write M.D. after their names, enter one of the large wards, and gather closely around the bed of some patient, having a stiff and swollen knee, or dead bone to be taken out, or some other of the many disorders of poor humanity. The gentleman, with the subject in view of all, descants on the nature of the disease, and mode of treatment, and occasionally asks a question of these young ladies, as to the best course to be pursued in such a case.

There are, I believe, strong feelings entertained by some people against the presence of students during operations, while others take a more reasonable view and say, if it is to be any benefit to science, they have no objections to urge. There are rules for the guidance of students in those cases, and on various occasions happening to be present when they were there, I have never seen anything but the most perfect order and gentlemanly conduct.

VISITORS.

Ample opportunity is afforded for friends of patients to visit them while inmates of the hospital. There are also visitors of another class often met with, who "come to see just what it is like." To this I do not know that any objection is raised when kept within proper limits. I have met some of this class whose courage has failed, when they have come to the door of a large ward and seen the long row of beds with their suffering occupants. They have at once been fain to turn around and get out of the building.

Another class of visitors, the "Young Ladies' Flower Mission," bring very pretty bouquets of flowers for distribution, having an appropriate text of Scripture attached to each. These, whenever they come, appear to be most welcome. The ladies of the Roman Catholic Church also, I believe, have a hospital visiting society. Others come as readers, whose visits I think are highly prized. Some read portions of Scripture, others suitable extracts from standard works or magazines, and occasionally from the daily newspapers. This is specially prized in the "eye and ear" department, where patients cannot read anything for themselves.

There are others whose visits are for the purpose of giving religious instruction. Many of these perform their work in a most devout and becoming manner. Their sympathy and consecration to the Master's service cannot fail to impress every observer, and I have reason to know are highly appreciated by those whom they design to benefit. There are others whose manifest lack of capability and adaptation to such work, their entire want of tenderness, and utterance of harsh words,

I am bound to say, lead me to the conclusion they had better remain at home.

I would like here to say a few words appreciative of the good work done by an excellent lady, Mrs. Hamilton, wife of Col. Hamilton, late of the Queen's Own. In addition to her frequent visits—always having a smiling face, which is of vast importance—provision has been made for a bountiful Christmas treat for several years past. A tree is planted in the theatre, everyone who can be moved is brought there, some on beds, and stretchers, and chairs, and crutches, numbering as they did last Christmas Eve, over two hundred. Music and recitations are provided, and a nice present with fruits and sweetmeats for every patient. I am sure there must be a peculiar joy in the heart of any lady thus moved to give of her bounty that which will gladden so many hearts, and afford any alleviation of pain to so many sufferers. Mrs. Hamilton was associated at first with the late Miss Richardson in preparing for this Christmas-tree; but since the lamented death of the latter lady, she has undertaken the entire provision herself. It has also been her custom to provide a tasteful present for each nurse. These, as a class, she greatly admires. A better way has been devised, which is to provide something permanent for the Nurses' Home; hence during the last holiday season, two beautiful easy chairs were placed in their parlour. Mrs. Hamilton told me that the Christmas of 1894 was the tenth year she has been engaged in this work. I pray that she may live to witness ten more such years, and if a kind Providence permit, even ten more after that.

PATIENTS.

There is scarcely anything designed for the benefit of humanity but is subject to abuse. There is a class of persons who, while they are doubtless the subjects of some chronic disease, become what I think may be termed a sort of "hospital tramp," and seem to obtain a living, during the winter months at least, by going from one hospital to another. I have met the same persons in the General Hospital, then in St. Michael's, and again in Grace Hospital. There are occasional cases of misbehaviour, almost invariably by this class of persons. Liquor has been secretly conveyed to them, probably by some visiting friend, and they have been found in a state of intoxication. Expulsion has very properly followed.

There are many cases which are sad in the extreme. For instance, an estimable woman was separated from her home and children by several hundred miles for more than two years, the subject of painful disease, and repeated surgical operations, with little hope of cure. Several young women have stiff and swollen joints, and often suffer excruciating pain for months together. Others, young men having paralysed limbs, require a lengthy course of treatment in order to effect a cure; yet others, men of middle age or even beyond that, have lost all but the barest chance of life, by postponing an operation until it is too late. These, and many others, and in addition, cases of blood-curdling accidents, men with limbs crushed to a jelly, and cases such as those which occurred at the late disastrous fire, require immediate action. Visiting a certain class of patients is not without an exceedingly depressing influence. Going from one bed to another and finding probably, everyone in a more or less advanced stage of consumption, and yet, not a few perhaps entertaining the idea that they will soon be able to go out. Then others, struggling for breath, surrounded by their friends, all waiting for the death-messenger to come. Only a few hours from this present writing, while standing by the bedside of a patient in St.

Michael's, whom the sister in charge had specially desired me to see, the last messenger came, and as I held his hand, he ceased to breathe. From previous visits I have reason to believe he was not unprepared. But invariably on going into the consumptives' ward, the overpowering feeling comes: on what a slender thread hangs human life, and how wonderful the struggle to maintain it.

NURSES AND NURSING.

The question has often come to me, what is the impelling motive that can induce any young lady whose qualities of head and heart, and whose opportunities of education, are above many other, to enter upon a course in order to fit her to become a trained and skilful nurse? In doing so, she voluntarily consents to become the associate, the companion, the servant (as it were), of those who are the subjects of pain, often of lingering disease and death. She is compelled to witness harrowing scenes of blood in cases of surgical operations similar to those seen only on the field of battle. I confess, I know of no motive which should thus constrain but that of the highest and holiest character, the direction of our Divine Lord,—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." I have also noticed an earnestness in performing her duties, which can only be the outcome of supreme attachment to the work. The idea prevails that familiarity with extreme suffering and death will tend to callous the feelings and produce indifference. My own impression, from what I have observed, is just the reverse of this. Frequently witnessing intense suffering and approaching death, and having a consciousness of duty to afford relief if possible, will produce a deeper sympathy in administering consolation to the sufferer.

I give one illustration. A good Christian man from a distant home, whom I had frequently visited, was dying one Sunday evening. I went to see him before the service in the theatre, and commended him to God in prayer. After the service I went again. He was rapidly sinking, and as I approached the bed, the kind-hearted nurse—the only watcher by his side, said, while with difficulty she restrained her tears, "Oh, Mr. Hunt, this is terrible; he was *so* anxious to see his wife and children; they are on the way, but it is impossible for them to get here before he dies." In the course of an hour he passed to,

> "That undiscovered country from whose bourn
> No traveller returns."

Looking into a large ward where there are twenty or more beds, during the day it often presents a very busy scene. Here are several nurses in attendance, a house-surgeon dressing the wound of a patient, and in another part of it a clinical lecture is in progress. But the night comes on; at eight o'clock the lights are turned down, the night nurse has taken her place, and as she passes from one to another in regular order, she treads lightly so as not to prevent anyone from sleeping. The night scene in such a ward is anything but attractive. You may occasionally hear the cry of someone indicating mental disquietude, the moaning of another who suffers during sleep, the restlessness of others who dream of home and loved ones there. There is a gruesomeness in the scene, and a weird feeling comes over you which it is difficult to shake off.

Before closing this paper, I want to say a word on behalf of the Mother Superior and sisters of St. Joseph, in charge of St. Michael's Hospital. I feel bound to say that I believe they are doing a blessed Christian work in the spirit of the Divine Master, while at the same

time a great deal of undue prejudice is entertained by many Protestants in the city. I have visited the hospital sometimes almost every day for weeks together, and have met with the greatest kindness and facility in doing so. No bar has ever been placed in the way of reading the Scriptures, religious conversation, or offering prayer. Moreover, I have made inquiry of members of our own Church and other Protestants, as to their treatment, and have not found a single instance where any influence has been used in regard to religion or church connection. In relation to medical and surgical treatment, there cannot possibly be any difference, as frequently the same professional gentlemen are in attendance at both the hospitals.

The same is true also of Grace Hospital, where I have always met with a most cordial reception from Miss Brent, the lady superintendent.

The people of Toronto and surrounding country may be heartily congratulated on the existence of these institutions of such high order of merit. Here, any of the diseases to which flesh is heir, fractured limbs, or tumours of any kind are treated with great skill, and the patient most kindly cared for by trained nurses. There is a separate building, "The Pavilion," in connection with the General Hospital, but completely isolated, devoted to special diseases of women and abdominal surgery. Here they can have every advantage of the best treatment, coupled with the most perfect quietness.

Let us not forget that we owe all this to the religion of Jesus, that it is only where the principles of the New Testament have been promulgated, that the people have learned to care and provide for the sick, the needy and the aged—all, in fact, who cannot care for themselves. To those who, under the influence of hallowed motives, perform those duties aright, it will eventually be said, "I was an hungred and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger and ye took me in . . . I was sick and ye visited me."

TORONTO, Ont.

GOOD FRIDAY.

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

AM I a stone and not a sheep
That I can stand, O Christ, beneath Thy cross,
To number drop by drop Thy blood's slow loss,
And yet not weep?

Not so those women loved,
Who with exceeding grief lamented Thee;
Not so fallen Peter, weeping bitterly;
Not so the thief was moved;

Not so the sun and moon,
Which hid their faces in a starless sky,
A horror of great darkness at broad noon—
I, only I.

Yet give not o'er,
But seek Thy sheep, true Shepherd of the flock,
Greater than Moses, turn and look once more,
And smite a rock.

DO MISSIONS PAY?*

BY THE REV. JAMES ALLEN, M.A.

THE aim of the Gospel is godliness —godlikeness—in other words, perfect manhood—a manhood which includes the qualities of the divine nature itself.

I ask your attention, not so much to the development of the Gospel in the inner life, as to the effect of this inner life on man's external condition. Godliness has the promise of the life that now is.

It is not possible to arouse and develop the moral and intellectual nature of man without, as a consequence, stimulating every organization of human society. It is the nature of man's thought and feeling to incarnate itself. Everything that a man does, everything that he brings to pass, is but the vesture of thought. The spiritual everywhere originates the practical —models it and makes it. Thought is the life-fountain—the motive-soul of action. This city with its houses, mansions, public buildings, streets and railroads is but solidified thought —many thoughts made into one— embodied in iron, wood, stone and the rest of it. This beautiful church was erected in some man's thought before it took outward shape. Not a brick was made but someone had first to fashion it in his own mind. Whatever outward thing you see is but the garment of something which already existed invisibly within.

Now if you plant godliness within a man, you put within him the greatest heart-force, the greatest thought-force in the universe. The fundamental truths of the Gospel— the sinfulness of man—the love of God—immortality—man sinful—immortality his destiny, and God the Redeemer working out his salvation —it is not possible to bring these great truths to bear upon man without arousing and developing his moral and intellectual nature, and you cannot affect men to any great degree by this invisible truth without affecting all their conditions external to themselves. Plant the life of God in a man's soul and make him feel that he is the child of a King, and the feeling will reappear in honest and enterprising business, in righteous laws, in benevolent institutions, and in improved industries. The world is but the reproduction of the inward states of man.

Hence he who carries to heathen nations a true and vital Gospel, carries that which will develop into universal civilization. Sometimes men have said: If you would expend your missionary forces in teaching pagans agriculture, commerce, and the various industries of civilized life, you would from that side work up to a condition upon which religion could be engrafted.

I once listened to a very interesting discussion of this question. A few years ago I spent some weeks on the Pacific coast. I took passage from Victoria on one of the ships which was laden with freight and supplies for the canneries, and bound up the coast as far as the Alaskan border. We touched first at Alert Bay. The Church of England has a mission there. As we stayed but half an hour I saw the Indians on the wharf only. Some wore no distinctive Indian dress; others were blanketed, painted, picturesque—all were filthy. I had always understood that an Indian expects his wife, however sick,

* For bodily exercise profiteth little, but godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.

weary, or loaded with other burdens, to carry the babies. But here I saw children, when the mother was standing by, run to the father, pat his knees, and put up the hands to be taken. And, indeed, all the way up the coast I saw children in the arms of the father as frequently as in the arms of the mother. But I saw this only in the Christian villages.

We had on board a very intelligent man, who as a sailor before the mast, then as mate, then as captain, had been in every quarter of the globe, and had seen almost every variety of heathenism. He was strongly opposed to missionary effort, and he expressed his opinions concerning missionary work in the curt and conclusive manner of a sea-captain who is accustomed to unquestioning obedience. Another passenger in defence of the missionaries, opposed to the dogmatism of the sailor the dogmatism of the preacher, whose pulpit someone has said places him five feet above criticism. I have noticed that preachers do not argue well when confronted by an opponent. They are not accustomed to opposition, and when it comes they seem hurt and astonished by it. Sea-captains like it still less, and the visible and not always successful efforts of these men to be civil to one another made the debate interesting to the listeners. At Alert Bay the discussion became quite warm.

"Look here," said the sailor, "your missionaries mean well, no doubt, and do the best they can, but their best is worse than useless. The heathen are not made kinder, more honest or more virtuous by their teaching. The only difference between your heathen savage and your Christian savage is that your Christian adds hypocrisy to his other vices. Let your missionaries stay at home and 'Stub Thornaby Waste'" —the sailor had been reading Tennyson—"or do some other honest work. If they won't do that, why, then, the best use the savages can put them to is to knock them on the head and eat them." And turning his back upon the preacher he strutted away like a turkey-cock, with feathers ruffled, red and gobbling.

His opponent, fortified by the sight of the baby in the father's arms, and by the statement of a missionary that the simple fact of an Indian helping his wife by carrying a child proclaimed him at least a nominal Christian, followed him up, fronted him, and replied with vigour:

"You say that the savage is not made more gentle by Christianity! Look at that red man carrying his child while his wife is standing by. He would consider himself worthy of contempt for such an act if he were not a Christian. You know that among heathen Indians might makes right, and the weak must go to the wall, while in a Christian community there is nothing stronger than the weakness of woman or the weakness of the cradle. 'I am strong; I shall use my strength to make the weak bear my burdens and minister to my pleasures' is the spirit of heathenism. 'We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak and not to please ourselves' is the spirit of Christianity. There is a Christian Indian carrying his child. Show me, if you can, a heathen doing a similar thing."

The debate continued until, sailing past Vancouver Island, there was nothing between us and Japan to break the swell of the ocean. The vicious rush of the billows gave the sailor an undue advantage, and his opponent was compelled to beat a sudden and inglorious retreat.

Next morning at daybreak we were at River's Inlet, and here I saw for the first time the palace of a heathen prince. Over the door was a rudely painted sign "Chief Poutlass." On one side of the door stood, in cedar, the figure of a man, about nine

feet in height, and on the other side the figure of a bear—roughly carved they were—countless adze marks showing the nature of the sculptor's tools. As I stood hesitatingly in the open doorway I heard a voice saying "Come in," and I promptly accepted the invitation. I found myself in a ruinous shed—perhaps forty by eighty feet. I looked for the owner of the voice and found that I was in the bedroom of the king and queen. The chief and his wife were lying upon a rough platform standing against the wall and raised a couple of feet from the floor.

A fire of drift-wood was burning on the floor—the smoke escaping out of a hole in the roof. Around the fire was a frame-work of poles, on which strips of halibut were drying. As my eyes became accustomed to the dim light I saw that the bedroom of the prince was the bedroom of the tribe. Thirty or forty Indians, and as many dogs, were sleeping in the room. The chief and his wife were lying upon a raised platform. The others were wrapped in blankets and huddled together, men, women and dogs, indiscriminately upon the floor.

Chief Poutlass' house at River's Inlet is one of the best specimens of the dwelling of a heathen Indian; but at Bella Bella, Essington, Port Simpson, Metlakahtla and Skidegate, which are Christian villages, you note a wonderful difference in the surroundings. In each village is a church, built wholly by the Indians, under the direction of their missionaries and I have seen many churches in the rural parts of Ontario which display less architectural taste and ess mechanical skill than these churches built by Indians just rescued from heathenism. The houses are built fairly well and many of them are painted. They have windows, doors, chimneys, and are divided into rooms, and now and then you see a lace curtain drawn across a window.

By this time the champion for missions had recovered from seasickness, and he and the sailor were at it again.

"Compare," he said, "that comparatively neat and well-built house, with its bit of lace curtain and attempts at refinement, with the ruinous shed of the heathen, and then tell me, if you can, that the missionary does no good! I tell you Christianity teaches the meaning of the word 'home.' It does more than that. It gives to heathen and savage peoples the seed forms of a universal civilization.

"It does no such thing," shouted the dogmatic sailor. "You give to Christianity the credit which is due to education that comes from contact with civilized life. The Indian is learning agriculture, commerce, and the various industries of the white man; and his paint, lace curtains and all the rest of it are only parts of the general progress."

"Why, man, you must be blind!" said his opponent. "What have you done with your eyes? How can you say that after comparing the dilapidated, tumble-down, comfortless heathen villages, with the well-built Christian villages. Precisely the same material, civilizing influences are brought to bear upon both. The Christian responds readily to them, but the heathen is unmoved by them. The tendency of thought is to express itself in some outward form. The plough, steam-engine, watch, telephone, this ship—are but solidified thought. Anything that wakes up and stimulates the entire nature of the Indian will take outward shape in better fishing apparatus, better canoes, houses, clothing, and in better material surroundings generally. The greatest heart-force, the greatest thought-force in this world, is Christianity. In giving that to the Indian you give him a stimulus that will develop all forms of material progress."

"Oh, pshaw!" sneered the sailor,

"that's always the way with you men of one idea. You can see but one thing at a time—your progress is a one-sided progress."

"I admit it," replied the preacher, "and apologize for it; but I offer the same excuse as that given by the traveller in Butler's 'Hudibras' for wearing only one spur. He said that if one side of his horse got on the rest of the animal wouldn't be far behind."

Godliness has the promise of the life that now is. Look at this truth from another point of view. Every dollar that Ontario gives to send the Gospel to these Indians comes back, many times, to enrich the commerce and manufactures of this province. The great need of the farmers, merchants and manufacturers of Ontario is a better market. Now every man who rises from barbarism to industry and intelligence becomes not only a better producer but a better customer. At present the Indians of the coast, heathens as well as Christians, are unlike the Indians of the plains, self-supporting. The buffalo has disappeared from the prairies, and therefore the Plain Indians must be helped, until they learn agriculture and adapt themselves to the changed conditions. But the Coast Indian has the salmon, halibut, herring, and oolachan. The mountains are filled with game. He can trap, and hunt and fish; sell his furs to the Hudson's Bay Company, and get large wages netting salmon for the canneries. All that he needs to become rich is industry and thrift. The heathen Indian will work but little, because he wants little. What does he want? A gun, powder and shot, a blanket and some whiskey. That is all he will buy from you.

But Christianize him, and every development which religion makes, the sense of fatherhood, the wish for a home, the desire to rear his children well, the wish to honour and comfort his wife, every taste, every sentiment, every aspiration—will demand some external thing to satisfy it. A savage is like a house of one story, and that one story a cellar, you can put but little in it and that little of poor quality. But when you Christianize and civilize the man, you develop faculty after faculty, you put story upon story, and every story you must fill with your productions.

The heathen Indian, even though he be a chief, calls a ruinous tumble-down shed a palace. He desires nothing better. Make a Christian of him, and he wants a well-built house. Does the savage want to sleep? He is content to wrap himself in his blanket and lie down with forty or fifty others, men, women and dogs, on the floor. But the Christian wants some privacy. He wants a house divided into rooms. Does the savage want light? He goes out of doors to get it. But the Christian puts a glass window in his house, and hangs up a lace curtain to adorn it, and he must buy both from you. Is the savage cold? He builds a fire on the earthen floor, and the smoke escapes out of a hole in the roof. Christianize him, and he wants a stove and stove-pipes —and I think that both come from Toronto.

A savage will gratify his taste for music with a rattle and the rub-a-dub of a rude drum. When he becomes a Christian he wants a brass band and an organ, and he buys his musical instruments from you. A blanket and a deer skin will serve a heathen woman for a dress. A Christian woman wants cotton, or silk, or velvet. True, a person of severe taste might see some lack of harmony in her general appearance. For instance, I saw at Skidegate a Christian woman, who had a red silk handkerchief around her head, she wore a fine black velvet dress, then she had a short black pipe in her mouth, and her feet were innocent of shoe or stocking. Poor taste, measured by our standards. Never-

theless, far better than that displayed by her heathen sisters.

Here is the broad fact. The Christian Indian buys in far greater quantity, and what he buys is of far better quality. He can afford to do it, for he is more industrious and he has the money. He buys in far greater variety, because he seeks to gratify not merely physical, but mental wants. He buys not only for the satisfaction of sense, but for the satisfaction of sentiment. The money that it costs to give them the Gospel comes back tenfold in enlarged trade. Dollars and cents, as well as conscience, join in this design. Godliness pays. It has the promise of the life that now is.

But I must ask you to note the difference between that civilization which is a substitute for Christianity, and that civilization which is its product and auxiliary. The one is built up from the outside—from the human side purely—and it materializes, while the civilization that comes from the stimulating power of God's spirit tends to spiritualize and lift men away from the physical. In the one case, civilization becomes the end and aim of life, but in the other it is only its fruit and product.

No civilization can act beneficently, or even harmlessly, which does not come from the immediate contact of the Divine Spirit. In our own case, the reasons why godliness should be diffused throughout this land are of the most pressing and urgent character. The rapid increase of wealth should cause at once gratitude and anxiety. Gratitude to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, and anxiety that right influences may descend upon this material prosperity. The development of resources is so changing the face of the country that men who return after a few years scarcely know their old homes.

I have frequently spent my holidays in some part of our mission-field conversing with the people and preaching as opportunity offered. In this way I have seen the Indians of the Prairies and of the Pacific Coast; the owners of Manitoba wheat-fields and of Alberta cattle-ranches, lumbermen of the Lake of the Woods, and of Rainy River, miners of British Columbia, fishers of salmon on the border of Alaska, and fishers of cod on the Banks of Newfoundland, and I have been impressed with the vast resources of this Dominion. Let me give you a few facts, which may convey some idea of the vast material wealth which is waiting for development.

A committee of the Dominion Senate reports that there is in the Canadian North-West a possible area of 316,000 square miles over 200,000,000 acres suitable for wheat. We can see the significance of this fact when we know that in 1888 the whole area sown to wheat in the United States was, according to the report of the Department of Agriculture, 36,000,000 acres. Canada is destined to be the chief granary of the world. Wheat has been successfully grown at Fort Simpson on the Mackenzie River, 862 miles north of the northern boundary of the United States. Barley is a safe crop at Fort Norman, between four and five degrees north of Fort Simpson, and potatoes have been grown with fair success within the Arctic circle.

This seems incredible, that what has been considered a frozen and a barren waste should be one of the most fertile tracts in the world; but it is easily understood when we consider the various causes which produce this result. One cause is the low elevation above the sea level. For a distance of fifty miles east of the Rocky Mountains, the average elevation above the sea level of the Union Pacific Railway in the United States is 5,000 feet. Now there is a gradual descent northward until, when the Mackenzie valley is reached, the altitude is only 300 feet. This difference of altitude is equal to thir-

teen degrees of latitude; that is about 900 miles. You see that the difference of elevation alone would give Fort Simpson, on the Mackenzie, about the same temperature that you would find nearly 900 miles south, at the United States boundary.

That is not all. In the United States the Rocky Mountains form a lofty barrier to the warm winds of the Pacific, but through numerous passes in the northern part of the range, the Chinook winds find their way out on the Canadian plains. There is also a constant current of air warmed on the plains west of the Mississippi, flowing northward. The warm winds from the west and east carry a genial summer climate far beyond the Arctic circle.

Once more. The length of the summer days affects the temperature. In the centre of the Peace River country the longest summer day is seventeen hours and twenty-eight minutes; that is, from sunrise to sunset. The prolonged sunlight promotes vigorous and rapid growth. It is a recognized fact that all plants are produced in their greatest perfection at the northern limits of the zone they characterize. It is not surprising, therefore, that our wheat is the best in the world.

In other respects our resources are equally great. As the crude-material wealth contained in our forests, our fisheries, our coal-fields, our gold, iron and copper-mines, our agricultural resources, is developed, this Dominion will be the richest country in the world.

When I was on the Pacific Coast the salmon were ascending the inlets, and an occasional gleam of purple and silver, vanishing in a shower of diamonds, revealed a fish of splendid size. Eagles, never less than half a dozen in sight, and once I counted ten, were watching the leaping salmon. One immense eagle was perched on a dead branch overhanging the water, and about the height of our smoke-stack from it. So intent was he on his fishing that he allowed the steamer to come within a hundred yards, and then did not move until the whistle was sounded, when he flew lazily a short distance and again alighted. An eagle has but one purpose—the acquisition of property. I was told that it is not an uncommon thing to find a drowned eagle and a dead salmon thrown up on the beach together. An eagle sometimes fastens upon a salmon which is more than he can manage. Instead of lifting the fish up the fish pulls him under and drowns him. Why does not the fool let go, you ask? Why, for the same reason that some men hold on to their property until they are ruined by it. The grip of an eagle is like the grip of a money-lover, he may die but he holds on. Now, as the rushing water blotted the brightness of the sun and the beauty of the upper world from the eagle's sight, a question might occur that would be worth serious pondering. Have I caught this salmon or has this salmon caught me? So with the man whose hand is never opened except to clutch, whose heart is a money-chest of which Death only holds the key. He thinks himself prosperous, he calls himself rich. Am I not worth a salmon, says the eagle? Am I not worth a million, says the man? *Question.*—Does he own the money or does the money own him? Now will you drive that nail home with your own hammers, for I have no time to do it. Remember it makes a vast difference whether you own this material prosperity or whether it owns you.

But there is not only wealth-producing power in godliness, there is wealth-controlling power in it. "godliness has the promise of the life that now is."

A HUNDRED YEARS OF "METHODIST MAGAZINE" LITERATURE, 1795–1895.

BY E. S. ORR.

I HAVE before me as I write a volume printed a hundred years ago. It is substantially bound in leather, measures $5\frac{1}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ inches, and contains 628 pages. The paper looks somewhat coarse to modern eyes, but is as good as was generally used a century ago. If no accident happens the book it will be in a very good state of preservation at the end of another hundred years. The title page of the book is as follows—

THE ARMINIAN MAGAZINE,

FOR THE YEAR 1795,

CONSISTING CHIEFLY OF EXTRACTS

AND

ORIGINAL TREATISES

ON

UNIVERSAL REDEMPTION.

VOL. XVIII.

LONDON:

Printed for G. Paramore, North Green, Worship Street: Sold by G. Whitefield, at the Chapel, City-Road, and at all the Methodist Preaching-Houses in Town and Country.

This Whitefield is not the celebrated George, but another of the same name, who was book-steward in London. This magazine is the forerunner of all Methodist Magazines; the title was changed in 1800 to the *Methodist Magazine,* and subsequently to the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*. The first volume was published in 1778 and the *Magazine* is still published. The shape and size of the publication remained nearly the same (only that the thickness of the volumes was increased) for more than a century. But in 1894 it was modernized as to shape and other particulars.

A set of these magazines, complete up to about the time of his death, was placed by the late Hon. James Ferrier in the library of the Wesleyan Theological College at Montreal. A special feature seems to have been introduced, in 1811, by giving portraits of the preachers. The volume for that year contains three portraits. The faces do not indicate leanness of flesh; they are clean shaved, and have the hair down over the forehead. They are not styled reverend, but simply preachers of the Gospel. The last mentioned is still remembered by a lady in Montreal, who used to sit on his knee; he was familiarly called "Mike Murphy." The face indicates genuine Hibernian wit; he evidently was a character. The volume for 1812 is embellished with the portrait of the poet of Methodism, who is styled, "Rev. Charles Westley."

The portraits were for a long series of years given monthly, and produced at great expense, being first painted and afterwards engraved on steel. I have before me the volume for 1854, which contains the portraits of two remarkable men, Rev. William Arthur, M.A., then in the full strength of manhood; the hair slightly tinged with grey, a lofty brow, aquiline nose, neat side-whiskers, mouth and chin rather small, the whole expression one of striking beauty and almost feminine sweetness. Forty years have made sad changes in this great man; a recent writer describes him as deaf, and nearly voiceless, but happy and cheerful. He entered the ministry in 1838, fifty-six years ago.

The other noted man is Rev. Edmund Botterell, then in the prime of life and thought. The face in-

dicates a strong body and a vigorous mind; sweetness of disposition, kindness of heart were doubtless prominent in his life. Mr. Botterell preached many years ago a few miles from where I write. This venerable man was very deaf latterly, and a year or two ago was instantly killed by a trolley-car in the streets of Montreal.

But to return to the volume of 1795, it was a remarkable one. It contains a life-sketch of William Grimshaw, The Charge of the Bishop of London to his Clergy, Extracts from Bruce's Travels, forty-eight letters by John Fletcher, of Madely, sermons, biographies, poems and anecdotes. It also contains the Minutes of the Conference held at Manchester in 1794, including the noted Plan of Pacification. Such provisions as the following sound strange to the Methodists of our times, "Wherever Divine service is performed in England on the Lord's day in Church hours, the officiating preacher shall read either the service of the Established Church, our venerable father's abridgement, or at least the lessons appointed by the Calendar. But we recommend either the full service or the abridgement."

There were exactly one hundred circuits in England and Wales; no circuit had less than two preachers, and many three; others had four or five. There were eight circuits in Scotland, with sixteen preachers. Edinburgh had three, one of whom was George Douglas. Inverness and Banff had three preachers, one of whom was Duncan M. Allum, a man whom Wesley had ordained, and whom he addressed as reverend. Ireland had thirty circuits, most of them with two preachers and some with three. Among the Irish preachers were John Bredin and Samuel Alcorn. William Black was General Assistant for Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Newfoundland, with eleven preachers under him. In the West Indies seven circuits with thirteen preachers. There were ten effective preachers in London, among whom were Adam Clarke, and Richard Reece. Three of the ten London preachers were Church of England clergymen, Coke, Creighton and Dickenson; these clergymen were the only ministers allowed to administer the sacraments at City Road. Though John Pawson had been ordained by Wesley he could not have that honour, as the trustees of City Road would not allow any but men who had received episcopal ordination to administer there. It was not till the first trustees and the clerical preachers were dead, that Henry Moose, who was ordained by Wesley, was allowed to administer the sacraments at City Road.

The stations of the preachers in America are also given; they numbered about three hundred. Thomas Cooke, and Francis Asbury were superintendents. John Dickens, Philadelphia, was superintendent of the book business. The membership numbered 52,794 whites and 13,814 blacks; these included three preachers in Canada, with 332 white members and two blacks. Canada was divided into two circuits, Upper Canada, lower circuit, Darius Dunham and James Coleman; Upper Canada, upper circuit, Elijah Wolsey.

It is not my purpose to show in detail the great things that have been accomplished under God by Methodism since 1795. Canada has its METHODIST MAGAZINE of many years standing, its hundreds of thousands of members, its conferences, colleges, home and foreign missions; its St. James' in Montreal, and its Metropolitan in Toronto. The Church in the United States has its millions of members and thousands of preachers, its institutions of learning and schemes of benevolence unsurpassed by any Church on this continent, "Not unto us, but unto thy name, O Lord, do we give thanks."

COOKSHIRE, P.Q.

THE STAR IN THE EAST.

BY RICHARD ROWE.

Author of "The Diary of an Early Methodist," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.

OUT OF BED.

In spite of Dot, Jude got up next morning. Fortunately for Dot's peace of mind, he had started on his round before Jude placed himself at the window of the front room and looked out upon the court. It was a clear, crisp winter day. The foot-marked mire of the court paving-stones was frozen hard; there was a silvery rime upon its refuse cabbage leaves, and the sun was beginning to struggle through the frost fog that hung overhead. Most of the Star Courtiers who did not earn their living in the court had already departed, but a few still passed the window, and everyone who saw Jude had a greeting for him. "The top of the marnin' to ye," said an Irish orange-woman, taking her black, greasy short pipe out of her broad mouth in order to emphasize her salutation. Not many months before she had been in the habit of cursing him as a "black Prothestant." (There is something droll, by the way, in the fact that the majority of London orange-women are Irish Catholics). The last of the street-sellers who passed Jude had taken to going to his chapel on Sunday evenings, but without the slightest idea of what denomination it belonged to.

"It was warmer in there of a bevenink," she said, "than trapesin' about in the streets, or sitting at 'ome, an' it was cheerier to see a lot o' people, an' the gas a-burnin', an' she liked to 'ear the singin' an' she could go to sleep when the chap was a-talkin', an' 'sides, Mr. Waple went, an' so it must be right."

The last was really Soft Sally's reason for going. Jude had become her ideal of all excellence, and going to chapel was the only thing in which, as she thought, she could imitate him.

The character of Soft Sally's intellect may be inferred from the sobriquet which the court had bestowed upon her, but she was thoroughly good-natured, and almost always good-tempered. She made her living, or rather, kept herself from quite dying, by nut-selling. She and an older woman in the same line of life shared a bed, and so just managed to save the coroner a double job. Though they had lived together for some years, they were not particularly friendly. Soft Sally was ready to do what she could for her bedmate, but not more so than for anybody else. She would save her the trouble of going to Duke's Place by buying her miserable pennyworth or two of nuts, and so on, for her there; but Soft Sally was just as willing to lug heavy baskets from Houndsditch to Star Court for anybody who spoke to her civilly, or rather, not downright uncivilly. Poor Sally was sadly put upon, but she did not mind, so long as she was not twitted about her weakness. Then—and some of those she helped, as soon as they had availed themselves of her services, were some of the first to tease her, being sure that she would have forgotten all about the matter long before they would want her help again—then poor Sally used to fly into furious rages, and after raving like a maniac, would sit down in a corner, fling her shawl over her face, and sob like a beaten child.

"I hain't got no father, an' I hain't

got no mother, an' I hain't got no brother, an' I hain't got nobody, an' so yer plagues me," was the pathetic formula of complaint which poor Sally always used on these occasions; but, instead of touching her tormentors, it too often tickled their taste for persecution, and made them plague her all the more. Jude had more than once come to the rescue, had soothed the sobbing girl, or rather young woman, and tried to shame the young ruffians who were worrying her. Jude, too, instead of wanting Sally to do anything for him (Sally only wished he would), had helped her. One night when she had passed his house, crying because she had not sold a single nut all day, he had purchased her whole stock (at an outlay of sixpence), and when he had given a handful to Cissy, had handed back the rest to Sally; and frequently when Jude had come upon Sally, blue and yellow with cold, he had given her a penny to buy pea-soup or plum-duff. Accordingly, Sally worshipped Jude, and snored through the Sunday evening sermons at the chapel, in the hope that she was doing something acceptable in his sight.

When Soft Sally saw Jude standing at the window she gave a start of pleasure, and ran into his house to speak to him.

"Oh, Mr. Waple," she cried, "I'm so pleased to see yer hup agin. I knew yer was bad, but I didn't know 'ow bad yer was till Sunday. Then I knew yer must be bad, because yer wasn't at chapel. There was a new chap a-talkin', but he'd 'eered about yer. He give yer name hout from his pitch—summat about prayin' for yer. He called yer *brother* Waple; but he *hain't* yer brother, is he, Mr. Waple? He hain't nigh so big as you, Mr. Waple. But he spoke very kind about yer. Hever since yer was took bad, I've been hevery day to ax 'ow yer was, but yer little gal made out as yer was a-gittin' on famous."

"So I am, Sally, thank God. I can eat nuts now, so I *must* be a-gettin' well; else the doctor wouldn't let me eat 'em. Make me a penn'orth, Sally, an' mind it's a good un, because you an' me 're old friends, you know, Sally."

"That I will—no, I won't, Mr. Waple. I didn't think as *you'd* make a fool on me. When yer give me back my nuts that time yer bought the 'ole on them, yer said as nuts wasn't good for yer 'ealth, an' yer couldn't abide the smell on 'em a-layin' about in the 'ouse."

"Well, my little girl likes nuts."

"She may 'ave as many as she've a fancy for, then, but yer shan't pay me for 'em, Mr. Waple. Ye're very kind, but I didn't think you'd go for to make a fool of me, Mr. Waple. Folks may talk, but I ain't silly—wise as they thinks themselves."

Cissy was obliged to accept half a dozen gift-nuts to pacify Sally, and then she went on her way rejoicing.

"Poor Sally's better off than me," said Jude, looking after her. "She can earn her livin' such as 'tis, but I fare as if I was no use to nobody. My wings is clipped. Can't I do somethin' for you, Mary, peel the 'taties or somethin'? It was bad enough lyin' a-bed doin' nothin', but it's worse being up doin' nothin'. Bring us the 'taties, Cissy."

"I'm going to do the 'taties, father," answered Cicely, with a laugh. "You'd cut 'em all to bits."

So Jude was left to fidget about as men accustomed to work do fidget when they are kept at home from their work, without being ill enough to go to bed.

At the dinner-hour Goggles made his appearance, bringing his dinner with him.

"Oh, I didn't know you were about again, Mr. Waple," he said. "I thought I'd bring my grub, and eat it in your room, whilst I had a bit of talk with you."

"Well, set ye down, an' eat it here, Mr. Simpson. It'll be a change to have a chat with ye. It ain't right, I know, to be impatient, but somehow, now I'm up, I can't help feelin' as if I was wastin' time, lollin' about doin' nothin'."

"Ain't you a union man?"

"No."

"Then you ought to be. You're anxious about what'll happen to your children if you don't soon get back to your anvil. Now, if you were a union man, you'd know there'd be some kind of provision for you all. What's your objections to unions?—I suppose you've got one in your trade."

"Yes, most o' the London smiths belong to 't. But I come from the country. I don't know as I've any partic'lar objection to the union, 'cept that I like to be my own master, free to do such work as I come across, and do it my own way, an' that the unions won't let ye do. An' then it's shameful they should bully them as don't belong to 'em."

"It's for their good, Mr. Waple. Leave every man to make his own bargain with the masters, and, of course, capital will lick labour. You non-union fellows may think it tyranny when the union men won't let you have a job in peace, but they're championing labour, Mr. Waple—doing you good, though you don't see it."

"Well, I can't see that it would do me much good to be robbed o' work when I'd got it, an' to be pummelled and kicked stupid because I wanted to earn an honest living."

"You're a good fellow, Waple, but you don't understand solidarity of interests. All working men ought to pull together, and those that won't must be *made* to, for their own good as well as the others. In the present state of things unions are the only way to keep capital from riding roughshod over labour; but something better than unions we want. They're physic, and health's the thing we want, that don't need physic. The social republic—that's the thing we want. Every man to work, and so much work found for so many men; and if a man can't work, others to make him as comfortable as if he was at work. That's fraternity, Mr. Waple. If we'd got a social republic, you wouldn't be bothering your head about your children and yourself. You'd know you'd be provided for."

"But," answered puzzled Jude, "if a chap knew that he'd be looked after whether he worked or not, mightn't he sham ill, and shirk? I don't say you would, Mr. Simpson. I don't believe you would; but there's some, I'm afraid, as would."

"That's the effect of the present corrupt state of society, Mr. Waple," answered Goggles. "Competition makes men enemies, but combination makes 'em brothers. You've seen, no doubt, as you've lived in the country, how the turkeys, and the gecse, and the ducks, and the guinea-fowl, and the cocks and hens, run up gobbling, and hissing, and quacking, and clucking, and pecking at one another, and dodging, when anybody throws them a handful of something to eat. That's because there's so little of it, and they're afraid that each won't get a fair share. Now, if there was a lot, and each knew it would get its whack, the geese wouldn't put down their necks, and hiss and bite at the ducks as they do, and the guinea-fowl wouldn't have to cut in and cut away with what they've got, with the turkeys after them, and so on. Well, that's a kind of parable, as my paper says. Now, if we had a social republic, every man would feel he was everybody else's brother, and behave according."

"Oh," said Jude, scratching his head, "I don't know much about politics, but if that's a republic, the sooner it comes the better, I should say. But don't it seem queer, Mr. Simpson, that if we're all to get

brothers in a hurry like that when the Republic comes, we don't behave just a little more like brothers to one another a'ready?"

"That's the effect of the present corrupt state of society, Mr. Waple. The masters want to get all they can out of the men—they think of nothing but self—and so society gets corrupted."

"But don't the men want to get all they can out of the masters, Mr. Simpson?"

"That's quite another matter, Waple. The men are only trying to get back a bit or two of the rights the masters have robbed 'em of."

"Oh," once more said puzzled Jude, and again he scratched his head.

Goggles accepted the "Oh" as the lowered foil of a fencer, and desisted from further logomachy. When he had eaten his dinner, he got up and said,—

"Well, good-day, Mr. Waple, I'm glad to see that I'm bringing you round to my view of things. Good-day, my dears."

"What's the matter, father?" asked Cissy, as Jude went on scratching his head. "Mr. Simpson didn't say nothin' as you didn't like, did he?"

"No, my little un," answered Jude, laughing merrily. "He's a well-meaning man; only I'm in a kind o' maze like. I'd like to see what he wants—everybody a-tryin' to be kind to everybody else. But I don't see my way to it so plain as he do, 'cept we all turned good Christians to-morrow. But you an' me, Cis, don't know nothing about politics."

"'The heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked,'" quoted Mary, whose notions had been sorely offended by talk which made out that a social republic—whatever that might be—could do what saving faith had not effected. "He's a very civil man, father," Mary went on, "but he cares nothing for ordinances. If he believed in the Bible he wouldn't work on Sundays, and read the newspapers, too, and then think he'd a right to come and lecture you, though you go to meeting twice a day every Sunday, an' three times some days when you're able. 'The heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.'"

"Yes, my girl," said Jude, "that's in the Bible, and so, of course, it must be true. But there again I'm in a maze. I don't doubt a man's heart is deceitful. You fancy you're a deal better than you are, and other folks are worse. But somehow I can't bring myself to believe that Simpson's heart is desperately wicked, though he don't go to chapel, or church even, and talks as if he didn't believe there was a God. 'Tain't for himself only he talks as he do. He's got a real wish that them about him should be happy. An' ain't that like God, though Simpson do talk as if he didn't believe in Him? I wish I'd got a headpiece like Simpson's, so as I could say what I mean." And once more Jude began to scratch his head.

In the evening when Dot had come home, and been informed of Jude's appearance at his front window, the blacksmith had more lecturing to bear.

The dwarf, however, did not hop over to school his giant so quickly as he had done when he first heard of his giant's incapacity for work. Dot sulkily ate his supper, and sulkily digested it. He was half inclined to go to bed without casting any more pearls before swine. Dot had, however, such a genuine love for his big pig that, just as he was about to turn into bed he changed his mind, put on his socks, boots, waistcoat and coat again, and clutching his crutch as spitefully as if it had been the face of the inappreciative blacksmith, plastered down his hat with his other hand and swung across to Jude's.

"So you've let your father git up, have ye? for all I said," was his remark to Mary, who met him.

"The doctor said it would do him good to get up, Dot," answered Mary.

"*The doctor said!* Yah! If you knew as much about doctors as I do! I thought you'd more sense, Mary. I was in for months, and couldn't pay 'em. If your father goes on like this, because he can pay his doctors—leastways so he thinks now—he'll find himself soon where he can't pay 'em. P'r'aps it'll be all the better, though; he'll git cured the sooner. But I thought you'd more sense, Mary. You said you wouldn't let 'im git up to-day."

"But it's a change, Dot; a man don't like lyin' a-bed."

"Much you know about it, Mary. There was fellers in the hospital when I was in that shammed they couldn't turn out, when they was as able to git about as I am now."

"But, Dot, you know father ain't like that."

"No, I know he ain't, an' it's that makes me so savage. He wants to git to work before he can do it. He'll bring ye all to the work'us if he goes on like this."

"We haven't come to it yet, Mr. Finch, and when we do we shan't ask you to help us," answered Mary, tartly.

"That's the way with ye," said Dot. "I know what the work'us is, an' because I know it'd kill yer father, you fly off in tantrums at me. I won't trouble ye any more, miss. I'll be goin'."

"Come in an' speak to father before you go, Dot," said mollified Mary.

"What's the good? He don't mind what I say no more than you, an' you might ha' more thought about 'im, Mary, let alone yerselves, pore dears. If I was a grown-up gal like you he shouldn't ha' got out o' bed to-day, if I was his daughter. You must ha' 'elped 'im to dress hisself."

"What's Mary been doin' wrong, Dot," asked Jude, from the inner room, waking up from the refreshing slumber into which the exertion of getting dressed, and lounging about doing nothing, with constant attempts to do something, and getting undressed, had thrown him.

"Nuffink, Mr. Waple, nuffink. You an' yer belongin's can't do nuffink wrong. Because yer hain't been laid up in hospitals, yer know so much better than them as *'as* been, all about doctors, and what's proper for yer to do when yer bones is broke. If I was you, Mr. Waple, I'd git up an' dance the Sailor's Hornpipe."

"Why, what are you angry about, Dot?"

"Angry! Ain't it enough to make a man angry? If you don't care about yer 'ealth an' strength, Mr. Waple, I do, as I've reason to; an' I gives yer the adwice of a friend, an' yer pays no attention. Ye're hold enough to know better, Mr. Waple, an' so's yer daughter. I knew yer father 'd be perwerse, Mary, but I thought you was sensibler than to give in to his perwerseness. No, I ain't a-goin' to sit down, Mr. Waple. I hain't patience with ye. Ye've been an' gone an' done it, an' ye'll 'ave to smart for it. You mark my words, Mr. Waple. I'm downright sorry for ye; but there, what's the good o' talkin'? If a man 'on't take the adwice o' them as knows best, an' means best, he must jest take the consekinces. Good-night, Mr. Waple, I'm a-goin'."

And Dot turned and went away in a silent rage.

CHAPTER X.

UP AND DOWN AGAIN.

For some days Jude went on getting better, and Dot kept away from his house. The dwarf did not exactly grudge the giant's recovery, but his advice had been neglected, and therefore he would not believe in the recovery.

"Ah, they'll soon see, you mark my words. If Waple's out of bed this day six months, my name ain't Dick Finch," he would mutter to himself.

JUDE'S "ROYAL PROGRESS."

Still Jude went on getting better, and, one fine morning when Perliteful Bill looked in, was persuaded to take a turn or two up and down the court leaning on a stick and the grinning

costermonger's shoulder. In a homely way it was a "royal progress." Jude, the once sneered at and persecuted, through the simple force of the brotherly kindness there was in his honest heart, had come to reign in the hearts of the Star Courtiers—honest and dishonest.

"Glad to see yer hout again," ran like a *feu de joie* along the two lines of doorway loungers.

"Git out o' the road, yer young warmint," was the parental admonition given quite affectionately to youngsters sprawling almost under Jude's feet. The youngsters, when they had scrambled on to their legs, seemed as pleased to see Jude out again as their parents were.

When Dot came home at night, of course he was informed that his big friend had been taking his walks abroad.

"Ah, you'll see, take my word for it," was Dot's acknowledgment of the information. "Tain't 'is goin' out; he might jest as well be in as out, if 'e's fool enough to git hup, an' 'is daughter's fool enough to let 'im. It's the gittin' hup, that's what 'tis, afore he ought, an' when 'is best friends adwised 'im not. You'll see, you take my word for it."

The going out, however, did Jude far more harm than the getting up. He took cold, and when the doctor called next day, was coughing as if he must explode.

"You're an idiot, Waple!" Dr. Gale said, sternly. "I particularly told you not to catch cold, and yet you've done it—on purpose, I should say. The cartilage must have been pretty nearly formed by this time, and you go out and get a cough. You're an idiot, Waple! Coughing like that! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You're a big fellow, and you're a blacksmith, but you ain't made of forged iron. You're a fool, Waple!"

Jude grinned, and bore his doctor's scolding. But as the days went by he had to bear the scolding without being able to grin. His right lung was affected, and sometimes he spat blood.

Dot was in dire distress when he heard how his giant was once more laid on his back; but not until Jude had been for a week again confined to his bed did Dot come inside his door.

When he did come, it was more in sorrow than in anger. His advice had been slighted, but the consequences of the neglect had come upon the slighter, and Dot was magnanimous enough not to begin to scold until he had been in the room pitying for ten minutes, and even then his scolding was not very severe, in spite of the sub-triumph of his tone. "I told yer 'ow 'twould be, Mr. Waple, but yer would git up, yer know. Don't say as yer wasn't warned." But as week after week went by, and Waple still remained in bed, Dot ceased to remind him of his six-months' prediction. It seemed so likely to prove true that Dot reproached himself for having ever uttered it.

The wolf began to peep in at Jude's window. Mary's housekeeping grew more and more sparing every day, and yet the savings in the faded old red sample-bag, which was Jude's bank, were fast vanishing.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

THE hands of the king are soft and fair—
They never knew labour's stain;
The hands of the robber redly wear
The bloody brand of Cain;
But the hands of the Man are hard and scarred
With the scars of toil and pain.

The slaves of Pilate have washed his hands
As white as a king's may be,
Barabbas with wrists unfettered stands—
For the world has made him free;
But Thy palms, toil-worn, by nails are torn,
O Christ, on Calvary!

HIS MOTHER'S SERMON.*

BY IAN MACLAREN.

He was an ingenuous lad, with the callow simplicity of a theological college still untouched, and had arrived on the preceding Monday at the Free Kirk manse with four cartloads of furniture and a maiden aunt. For three days he roamed from room to room in the excitement of house-holding and made suggestions which were received with hilarious contempt; then he shut himself up in his study to prepare the great sermon, and his aunt went about on tiptoe. During meals on Friday he explained casually that his own wish was to preach a simple sermon, and that he would have done so had he been a private individual, but as he had held the MacWhammel scholarship a deliverance was expected by the country. He would be careful and say nothing rash, but it was due to himself to state the present position of theological thought, and he might have to quote once or twice from Ewald.

His aunt was a saint, with that firm grasp of truth, and tender mysticism, whose combination is the charm of Scottish piety, and her face was troubled. While the minister was speaking in his boyish complacency, her thoughts were in a room where they had both stood, five years before, by the death-bed of his mother.

He was broken that day, and his sobs shook the bed, for he was his mother's only son and fatherless, and his mother, brave and faithful to the last, was bidding him farewell.

"Dinna greet like that, John, nor break yir hert, for it's the will o' God, and that's aye best."

"Here's my watch and chain," placing them beside her son, who could not touch them, nor would lift his head, "and when ye feel the chain about yir neck it will mind ye o' yir mother's arms."

"Ye 'ill no forget me, John, I ken that weel, and I'll never forget you. I've loved ye here and I'll love ye yonder. Th'ill no be an 'oor when I'll no pray for ye, and I'll ken better what to ask than I did here, sae dinna be comfortless."

Then she felt for his head and stroked it once more, but he could not look nor speak.

"Ye'ill follow Christ, and gin He offers ye His cross ye 'ill no refuse it, for He aye carries the heavy end Himsel'. He's guided yir mother a' thae years, and been as gude as a husband since yir father's death, and He 'ill hold me fast tae the end. He 'ill keep ye too, and, John, I'll be watchin' for ye. Ye'ill no fail me," and her poor cold hand, that had tended him all his days, tightened on his head.

But he could not speak, and her voice was failing fast.

"I canna see ye noo, John, but I know yir there, an' I've just one other wish. If God calls ye to the ministry, ye 'ill no refuse, an' the first day ye preach in yir ain kirk, speak a gude word for Jesus Christ, an', John, I'll hear ye that day, though ye'ill no see me, and I'll be satisfied."

A minute after, she whispered, "Pray for me," and he cried, "My mother, my mother."

It was a full prayer, and left nothing unasked of Mary's Son.

"John," said his aunt, "your mother is with the Lord," and he saw death for the first time, but it was beautiful with the peace that passeth all understanding. Five years had passed, crowded with thought and

* From "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush." Toronto: William Briggs.

work, and his aunt wondered whether he remembered that last request, or indeed had heard it in his sorrow.

"What are you thinking about, aunt? Are you afraid of my theology?"

"No, John, it's no that, laddie, for I ken ye 'ill say what ye believe to be true withoot fear o' man," and she hesitated.

"Come, out with it, auntie: you're my only mother now, you know," and the minister put his arm round her, "as well as the kindest, bonniest, goodest auntie ever man had."

Below his student self-conceit he was a good lad, and sound of heart.

"Shame on you, John, to make a fool o' an auld dune body, but ye'll no come round me with yir flattery. I ken ye ower weel," and as she caught the likeness in his face, her eyes filled suddenly.

"What's the matter, auntie?

"Dinna be angry wi' me, John, but a'm concerned aboot Sabbath, for a've been praying ever syne ye were called to Drumtochty that it micht be a great day, and that I micht see ye comin' tae yir people, laddie, wi' the beauty o' the Lord upon ye, according tae the auld prophecy: 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace,'" and again she stopped.

"Go on, auntie, go on," he whispered; "say all that's in yir mind."

"It's no for me tae advise ye, who am only a simple auld woman, who kens naethin' but her Bible and the Catechism, and it's no that a'm feared for the new views, or aboot yir faith, for I aye mind that there's mony things the Speerit hes still tae teach us, and I ken weel the man that follows Christ will never lose his way in ony thicket. But it's the fouk, John, a'm anxious aboot, the flock o' sheep the Lord hes given ye tae feed for Him."

She could not see his face, but she felt him gently press her hand, and took courage.

"Ye maun mind, laddie, that they're no clever and learned like what ye are, but juist plain country fouk, ilka ane wi' his ain temptation, an' a' sair trachled wi' mony cares o' this world. They 'ill need a clear word tae comfort their herts and show them the way everlasting. Ye 'ill say what's richt, nae doot o' that, and a'body 'ill be pleased wi' ye, but, oh, laddie, be sure ye say a gude word for Jesus Christ."

The minister's face whitened, and his arm relaxed. He rose hastily and went to the door, but in going out he gave his aunt an understanding look, such as passes between people who have stood together in a sorrow. The son had not forgotten his mother's request.

The manse garden lies toward the west, and as the minister paced its little square of turf, sheltered by fir hedges, the sun was going down behind the Grampians. The minister stood still before that spectacle, his face bathed in the golden glory, and then before his eyes the gold deepened into an awful red, and the red passed into shades of violet and green, beyond painter's hand or the imagination of man. It seemed to him as if a victorious saint had entered through the gates into the city, washed in the blood of the Lamb, and the after-glow of his mother's life fell solemnly on his soul. The last trace of sunset had faded from the hills when the minister came in, and his face was of one who had seen a vision. He asked his aunt to have worship with the servant, for he must be alone in his study.

It was a pleasant room now, when the curtains were drawn, and the light of the lamp fell on the books he loved, and which bade him welcome. One by one he had arranged the hard-bought treasures of student days in the little book-case, and had planned for himself that sweetest of pleasures, an evening of desultory reading. But his books went out of

mind as he looked at the sermon shining beneath the glare of the lamp, and demanding judgment. He had finished its last page with honest pride that afternoon, and had declaimed it, facing the southern window, with a success that amazed himself. His hope was that he might be kept humble, and not called to Edinburgh for at least two years; and now he lifted the sheets with fear. The brilliant opening, with its historical parallel, this review of modern thought reinforced by telling quotations, that trenchant criticism of old-fashioned views, would not deliver. For the audience had vanished, and left one careworn, but ever beautiful face, whose gentle eyes were waiting with a yearning look. Twice he crushed the sermon in his hand, and turned to the fire his aunt's care had kindled, and twice he repented and smoothed it out. What else could he say now to the people? and then in the stillness of the room he heard a voice, "Speak a gude word for Jesus Christ."

Next minute he was kneeling on the hearth, and pressing the *magnum opus,* that was to shake Drumtochty, into the heart of the red fire, and he saw, half-smiling and half-weeping, the impressive words, "Semitic environment," shrivel up and disappear. As the last black flake fluttered out of sight, the face looked at him again, but this time the sweet brown eyes were full of peace.

It was no masterpiece, but only the crude production of a lad who knew little of letters and nothing of the world. Very likely it would have done neither harm nor good, but it was his best, and he gave it for love's sake, and I suppose that there is nothing in a human life so precious to God, neither clever words nor deeds, as the sacrifices of love.

The moon flooded his bedroom with silver light, and he felt the presence of his mother. His bed stood ghostly with its white curtains, and he remembered how every night his mother knelt by its side in prayer for him. He is a boy once more, and repeats the Lord's Prayer, then he cries again, "My mother! my mother!" and an indescribable contentment fills his heart.

His prayer next morning was very short, but afterwards he stood at the window for a space, and when he turned, his aunt said:

"Ye will get yir sermon, and it will be worth hearing."

"How did ye know?"

But she only smiled, "I heard you pray."

When he shut himself into the study that Saturday morning, his aunt went into her room above, and he knew that she had gone to intercede for him.

Two hours later—for still she prayed and watched in faithfulness to mother and son—she observed him come out and wander round the garden in great joy. He lifted up a soiled rose and put in his coat; he released a butterfly caught in some mesh; he buried his face in fragrant honeysuckle. Then she understood that his heart was full of love, and was sure that it would be well on the morrow.

When the bell began to ring, the minister rose from his knees and went to his aunt's room to be robed; this was a covenant between them.

His gown was spread out in its black silken glory, but he sat down in despair.

"Auntie, whatever shall we do, for I've forgotten the bands?"

"But I've not forgot them, John, and here are six pair wrought with my own hands, and now sit still and I'll tie them round my laddie's neck."

When she had given the last touch, and he was ready to go, a sudden seriousness fell upon them.

"Kiss me, auntie."

"For your mother, and her God be with you," and then he went through the garden and underneath the honeysuckle and into the kirk, where every Free Churchman in

Drumtochty that could get out of bed, and half the Established Kirk, were waiting in expectation.

I sat with his aunt in the minister's pew, and shall always be glad that I was at that service. I never realized the unseen world as I did that day in the Free Kirk of Drumtochty.

One was instantly prepossessed in favour of a young minister who gave out the second paraphrase at his first service, for it declared his filial reverence and won for him the blessing of a cloud of witnesses. No Scottish man can ever sing,

> "God of our fathers, be the God
> Of their succeeding race,"

with a dry heart. It satisfied me at once that the minister was of a fine temper when, after a brave attempt to join, he hid his face and was silent. We thought none the worse of him that he was nervous, and two or three old people who had suspected self-sufficiency took him to their hearts when the minister concluded the Lord's prayer hurriedly, having omitted two petitions. But we knew it was not nervousness which made him pause for ten seconds after praying for widows and orphans, and in the silence which fell upon us the Divine Spirit had free access. His youth commended him, since he was also modest, for every mother had come with an inarticulate prayer that the "puir laddie wud dae weel on his first day, and him only twenty-four." Texts I can never remember, nor, for that matter, the words of sermons; but the subject was Jesus Christ, and before he had spoken five minutes I was convinced that Christ was present. The preacher faded from before one's eyes, and there rose the figure of the Nazarene, best lover of every human soul, with a face of tender patience, and stretching out His hands to old folk and little children as He did, before His death, in Galilee. His voice, I have imagined, was soft, low, and sweet, penetrating like music to the secret of the heart, "Come unto Me . . and I will give you rest."

During a pause in the sermon I glanced up the church, and saw the same spell held the people. The women were weeping quietly, and the rugged faces of our men were subdued and softened.

But what will stand out forever before my mind was the sight of Marget Howe. Her face was as white as death, and her wonderful grey eyes were shining through a mist of tears, so that I caught the light in the manse pew. She was thinking of her dead son, George, and had taken the minister to her heart.

The elders, one by one, gripped the minister's hand in the vestry, and, though plain, homely men, they were the godliest in the glen; but no man spoke save Burnbrae.

"I a' but lost ae fairm for the Free Kirk, and I wud hae lost ten tae be in the Kirk this day."

Beneath the honeysuckle at his garden gate a woman was waiting.

"My name is Marget Howe, and I'm the wife of William Howe of Whinnie Knowe. My only son wes preparin' for the ministry, but God wanted him nearly a year syne. When ye preached the Evangel o' Jesus the day I heard his voice, and I loved you. Ye hev nae mither on earth, I hear, and I hae nae son, and I wantit tae say that if ye ever wish tae speak to ony woman as ye wud tae yir mither, come tae Whinnie Knowe, an' I'll coont it ane of the Lord's consolations."

"Oh, auntie, if she had only been spared to see this day, and her prayers answered."

But his aunt flung her arms round his neck.

"Dinna be cast doon, laddie, nor be unbelievin'. Yir mither has heard every word, and is satisfied, for ye did it in remembrance o' her, and yon was yir mither's sermon."

THE HOUSE ON THE BEACH.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER V.

KIAH KIBBLE, BOATBUILDER.

WHAT place could be prettier than Kibble's Inlet? The clear water rising and falling with the tides, and seldom disturbed in its seclusion by the storms that tossed the sea, was bounded on the one hand by the low, dark-green levels of the cranberry marshes set round with honeysuckle, smilax, and wild roses, iris, Saint John's-wort, arrow-plant, and golden-rod in their season; on the other side rose the sand-dunes covered with long, waving grasses and candleberry bushes.

There on the sand beach, at the foot of the dune, the Kibbles, father and son, three generations, had built fishing boats and had their boathouse for a hundred years—quiet, honest, cheerful, healthy, industrious, unambitious, God-fearing men.

The boathouse had a little pier reaching into the inlet, and always beside the low brown building lay the big rounding hull of some boat, framed rather for steadiness and capacity than for speed. There were the great knees and timbers, the pale yellow heaps of shavings, the huge iron tar-kettle swinging over the low fire; and there were kegs of paint and big saws and planes and mallets; and there was Kiah Kibble himself, gray, weather-beaten, content, singing over his work.

Kiah Kibble was the last of his family of the Kibble name. His boys, he said, had been all girls, and they had none of them married boat-builders. And when at last his arm should grow too feeble to handle mallet or chisel, then the old boatshop must be closed, or fall to someone not of the family of Kibble. Perhaps it was some secret feeling that the world could not go on as before when there should be no more Kibbles to build fishing-boats that had impressed it upon Kiah's mind that the world was soon coming to an end. That by no means made him unhappy. The close of this present dispensation he felt sure would usher in a far better period, when "a king shall reign in righteousness, and princes shall rule in judgment"—a golden age, when all evil shall be done with, and all men shall know the Lord and love well their neighbour, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

In his little home above the boat-shop, Kiah Kibble lived with a deaf old dame who kept his home, and her grandson, a lad who ran his errands and was to learn the boat-building trade, if ever he succeeded in learning reading, writing, and arithmetic at the public school.

Kiah Kibble was the nearest neighbour of Ralph Kemp and his two daughters, and the only person with whom they had much acquaintance. The old man was rather well read and talked fluently. He was fond of singing quaint old songs, and he had a good violin which Ralph Kemp loved to play. Thus it happened that when Kemp grew restless in his little house, and, as often happened, had nothing to do, the girls took their work and went with him to the boathouse, where, seated on a pile of shavings in the shadow of the eaves, they worked while Kiah talked or father played.

So it fell out one day, that while Kiah Kibble painted a nearly finished boat, Letty sat in the shade with her embroidery, and Faith with her

lace-making; Kiah's boy, rejoicing in vacation, was polishing with sandpaper the walnut about a port-hole, and father, sitting on the worn, gnawed knee of a broken boat, played piece after piece on the violin, and the soft, sweet, human-like tones stole up the inlet and out upon the sea.

Kenneth Julian heard them. He had volunteered to go for cat-tails for his aunt, reckless of the fact that it was far too early in the season. Hearing the music, he strolled down toward the boathouse; he had been there before. Great was his joy when he saw the party assembled.

Deep was Letty's secret annoyance at seeing him arrive It was just as Faith had said: she and Letty had made up their minds that it was much better that they should know no one of the summer visitors, and Letty did not want a good rule broken in upon. But this was Kiah's place, and Kiah welcomed Kenneth; so did father. It would be churlish for Letty and Faith to go away, and father would complain greatly if they did; for once he seemed to be enjoying himself.

"Your violin called me," said Kenneth. "I always envy anyone who can make a violin speak as you do. Surely you are not going to stop playing just as I come up."

"I will play again by-and-bye," said Kemp. "Kiah is going to sing us a queer old fifteenth-century lyric which he knows, and the girls have promised then to give him his favourite song."

Faith bit her lip in vexation: she did not want to sing before this young man who was accustomed to well-trained voices. Faith undervalued her own sweet, rich contralto voice.

KENNETH JULIAN HEARD THEM.

Kiah Kibble, however, had no scruples about his own singing; he did not know when he flatted or wandered off his proper notes; he trolled out his staves roundly as he had been used to singing to wind and wave:

"Saint Stephen was a clerk
In King Herod's hall,
And served him in bread and cloth
As doth a king befall.

"Stephen out of kitchen came
With boar's head in hand,

He saw a star both fair and bright,
Over Bethlehem stand.

"He cast down the boar's head,
And went into the hall:
'I forsake thee, King Herod,
And thy works all!
There's a Child born in Bethlehem
Is better than we all.'"

And so on, for ten verses, sung with unfailing vigour and enthusiasm.

When he had finished, Ralph Kemp began a dissertation on the troubabours and minnesingers of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, and the part they had had in the moral and religious education of the people.

Kenneth listened with frank admiration. This unfortunate man had gifts that would have made him an ornament to any college. Why was he not the honoured occupant of some chair of literature, instead of a poor, lost, degraded castaway, almost as much of a wreck as the fragment of timber upon which he seated? Why not?

O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself!

"Come, Miss Letty," said Kiah, when father had concluded his disquisition, "you promised me my favourite, you know. It adds a year to my life to hear you and your sister sing 'My Ain Countree.' It seems to lift me right out of myself and my work here, into the heavenly country."

Well, if they were to sing, it was much better to do it without urging. So the sisters began. Sweetly rose the young voices—Letty's pure soprano and Faith's pure contralto—and it was a song in which they always lost and forgot themselves in singing, for the beauty of it. Kiah's brush moved more and more slowly, and the lad's sandpaper ceased its grinding on the walnut wood as they sang:

"My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair;
His bluid has made me white, His han' shall dry mine e'e,
When He brings me hame at last to mine ain countree.

Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be ganging noo unto my Saviour's breast,
For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
An' carries them Himsel' to His ain countree."

"There's nothing sweeter than that," said Kiah when the sisters ceased to sing, "is there, Mr. Julian? That's what does me good and makes labour seem light and earth time short. I'm old, and my hope for all that comfort lies up above. But you, Mr. Julian, and this little lad and these ladies are young, and you'll see all this world made over into the fashion of our *ain countree*. It will not be many years now. All the signs of the times point to a speedy close of this dispensation and a restitution of all things."

"But what signs?" said Kenneth, anxious to draw the old man out. "Is it not true that since the Fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the beginning?"

"You are young, Mr. Julian, young—and the young do not observe closely," said the boat-builder. "The old age of the world has come. Even in my time I have seen the changes. Nature has grown feeble; the sun doesn't shine as bright as once it shone; the spring comes later and is less lovely; the soil is no longer so rich; the fruits fail, the crops are slender; many kinds of animals and plants which I knew as a boy have perished. There used to grow cardinal flowers along that trench like a line of flame; they are gone. The beach used to be strewed with shells; there are almost none now. Once oysters and scallops were plenty here, and crabs too: you never find them here now. The fishers have to go much farther out to sea for fish nowadays. Men are not as big and strong, not as energetic or long-

lived; families used to be larger. All things now move toward the end—move fast; the bottom of the grade is nearly reached. Wars and famines and plagues and great crimes have been sent to judge and warn the world. A little while, and all this shall pass away, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry. Sometimes I dream that that time has come, and all the earth is at rest and breaks forth into singing. No houses are locked at night; no cry of violence is heard; no man preys on the soul of his neighbour; I hear people saying one to another, 'Come ye, let us go up to the house of the Lord our God,' and up and down the peaceful ways I see tall, fair angels, just like Miss Faith here, only that they have white wings and wear white robes."

Faith cast down her eyes, blushing crimson.

"He does not know," said Ralph Kemp to Kenneth, "that as long ago as before 260 A.D., Saint Cyprian saw just those signs of the end of the world, and proclaimed that the decrepitude of earth had come. These thoughts are original with Kibble, as far as he is concerned. He has not read the Fathers."

"Nor have I," said Kenneth.

"When I was of your age I read them all," said Ralph Kemp.

"Mr. Kibble must count it an added sign of the world's decay that young men have so degenerated," suggested Kenneth.

"If young men nowadays have learned how to withstand temptation, or if their friends and teachers have grown so wise and so forbearing that they do not press temptation upon them," said Kemp, "then we will count it that the world has grown not worse but better, and that there is hope of happier things."

Once more Kemp took up the violin, and now Kenneth made bold to move a little nearer to Faith and to talk to her in the pauses of the music.

Then when Ralph ceased playing Kenneth entertained them all; one while with college tales, in which Kemp delighted, and again with narratives of boating parties and picnics with those unused to such outings; and then with tales of Richard Parvin.

All this was so fresh, bright, lively, that Faith, busy at her lace, felt as if she had slipped into a new world. Letty sighed. This acquaintance was not advisable.

And somehow as they chatted, Kenneth learned from chance remarks the days when Faith went to town to take the parcels of embroidery and lace to express to Boston, and to bring back the plush, satin, gold thread, and other material that had come down for the work. Kenneth felt rising within him a great passion for pedestrian exercises, and a decided preference for that path that, winding along by the beach, led to the town.

At last the sun was low in the west, and the party at the boathouse broke up. Ralph Kemp took Letty's embroidery frame and led her by the arm, helping her along, as always when he was himself he tenderly helped this daughter whose life his sin had overshadowed. This left Kenneth to walk with Faith. Did Ralph purposely move slowly so that those other two could idle along chatting by the sea? All this worried and wearied Letty. She was pale and tired when they reached the house, and Kenneth proceeded down the beach at a swinging pace.

"Letty dear, that boathouse is too far for you to go to," said Faith. "You look worn out. Sit right down here and rest, while I get supper. Father, don't let her take a stitch or move."

Letty leaned back in her chair and her father sat near her. Faith went into the kitchen.

"Letty," said Kemp, "isn't your sister twenty-one?"

"Yes, father; this May."

"And she is a beautiful girl, Letty. I think I never noticed it so much as I did this afternoon. A little like her mother and a little like me. Your mother was beautiful, Letty, but not so tall and stately as Faith. That is a very fine fellow, that Julian. What do you think of him, Letty?"

"I have thought nothing about him, father," said Letty, not quite truthfully; "he is a stranger, and we have nothing to do with strangers; it is not best."

"And why is it not best, child? If we have come off here and buried ourselves like crabs in a sand heap, why should not you or Faith take such little opportunities of society and so on as come in your way?"

"There are many reasons why it is not best, father. We cannot meet people on equal terms. We are poor working girls."

"Hush, child! That is an accusation against me that kills me. Yes; I have dragged you down. But still, it is not impossible for Faith to rise. Did you notice how that young man admired her? He looked at her as if she were a queen or a goddess."

"I think not, father; only a poor girl in shabby clothes."

"I tell you, Letty, I cannot bear such words. And I know how he looked at her with respect and admiration, as at the most perfect creature he had ever seen. It reminded me of the lost years, Letty, when I met your mother. And why should not Faith meet this young man, any young man, on equal terms? You have both the manners you received from that true lady, your mother—she lived long enough to give you that; and you have good blood in your veins, the blood of refined, intelligent, Christian people. You are well educated too. Your mother saw to that, and I have not neglected you. Bad father as I am, I have passed many hours in educating you. You have read much, both of you, and good reading too, and there are no educators like good books. And, Letty, why should not this be, that, though I am fallen, my children should get back to their natural place in the world? It would be too cruel if a father's fall should shut the gate of hope forever on his children. I hate Tom Wharton, but I believe that he will make a good man of Hugh, and a good business man, and will set him up well in the world. Hugh was always like his uncle Tom—all for business, but not for letters. Hugh will be a well-to-do, respected man in his own home some day. That leaves you and Faith to be looked out for. Now why should not such a girl as Faith marry some rich young man like this Julian? Then she would have her proper place in the world. She would have a home fit for her. She would never forget you, Letty, and when I am gone, and no longer here to disgrace and trouble my poor children, then you can be fortunate and happy."

Ralph Kemp was taking a tone very foreign to Letty's wishes. He was building air castles on very poor foundations, and Letty felt that it was a wrong to Faith to have her future thus discussed. And yet there was in what he said so much real fatherly love and anxiety for his children, so much self-effacement, that tears came into Letty's eyes.

"I wish you would not speak in this way, father," she said. "You plan of what cannot possibly be, and I should hate to have you speak so before Faith. You know these summer people come and go and at once forget all the acquaintances they make here. They have friends of their own class in the cities; and even if a young stranger did admire our Faith, he would have his family to please and consider, and though we know how good and lovely Faith is, to others she would be only one of a wrecked family—a poor girl making lace for her bread.

Please, father, put these notions out of your mind, and don't let Faith hear any of them."

But Ralph Kemp's mind had fallen from its early clearness. He was dogged and insistent. "I must do more for Faith," he said; "she must have some new clothes; she must not make lace all the time; she must read. I will get some more books. I will write to some publisher for Greek or Latin proofs to correct, and take my pay in books. Why was I allowed to carry off the books? That was your fault, Letty; you should not have let me take them!"

But the kitchen door had been ajar and Faith had heard, and wrath and pain and mortification had risen beyond bounds. She came into the room and faced her father angrily.

"Her fault! We should not have let you take them! How could we help it? You were threatening us with a knife. We loved our books, but we did not want to be killed for them!"

"Killed! knife! Threatened you, my daughter!" cried Ralph with such a look of amazement, despair, unutterable anguish on his face that Letty, crying—"Faith! how could you!" rushed to her father, clasped his neck and consoled him. "There, there, father, you never meant it; you did not know what you were doing. Don't feel it so, poor, poor, dear father!"

Faith's short-lived passion fled; she bent and clasped her father's neck. "Never mind what I said. Don't feel so, father."

But Ralph Kemp's gray head bent lower and lower, and his big frame shook with the sobbings of a strong man's agony. Had he indeed come to that, to threaten the lives of his daughters?

This fierce remorse is the heaviest scourge that justice wields.

CHAPTER VI.

"I AM THE ELDEST, YOU KNOW."

For the hour, Ralph Kemp abhorred himself and repented in dust and ashes. He realized his iniquities as he had never before done, and he vowed in the most solemn manner that he would cast off his besetting sin, even if it cost him his life. His self-upbraidings and his protestations were terrible to hear. But sin indulged weakens both the physical and spiritual nature; a sense of the exceeding sinfulness of sin is constantly lessened, and that true repentance toward God which grasps His grace for help becomes daily more foreign to the temper of the soul. Unstayed upon God, the steps that have habitually trodden the ways of evil are forever sliding.

Thus it was with Ralph Kemp; when he had abstained from drink long enough to be free from its benumbing effects in body, mind, and soul, he felt, as never he had done before, the hopeless misery of his present condition.

"Will he hold out?" questioned Letty anxiously.

"No!" said Faith, with a clearer knowledge of the world and of human nature. "What is there to encourage him to hold out or even to make it possible?"

Letty watched her father with trembling sympathy. All her hopes and thoughts centred on those three—father, brother, sister.

To Faith life seemed to suggest wider horizons, and she recognized some interests beyond the little family circle. Somehow Kenneth had found out when she would be going to or from the town, and he always managed to meet her on the road. He was so unobstrusive and deferential, so entertaining and alive with the stir of the wide life of the

city, that he brought to Faith a new atmosphere, the enjoyment of which she could not deny herself.

Hitherto, Faith had had no comrades but her immediate family, and since the death of her mother and the departure of Hugh she had had no companionship beyond Letty and her father. Even before they moved to the house on the beach her father's sin seemed to have built a wall about herself and Letty and set them apart from other girls. The meagreness of their home life, the poverty of their clothing, the humiliation they constantly felt, had debarred them from society and the little pleasures of childhood and early youth. And Faith had felt particularly alone because Letty's deformity had so served to sever her from all earthly pleasures and set her hopes entirely in the spiritual world that Faith's fantasies and imaginations, the poetry and books and daily amusements which she fancied would be so beautiful had no attractions for Letty, who lived only in duty done and longed only for peace. It was no wonder then, that, after some withdrawings and strife with her pride and suspicion, Faith allowed herself to drift into a frank friendliness with Kenneth Julian. It was delightful to hear from him how things really went in the wide outer world; it was so comfortable to have the books of the day brought and loaned to her in easy fashion; to know what people were reading and what they were talking about, and to discuss these things with someone who was really interested in them.

Kenneth always had some good excuse for his appearance—he had gone over to get a book, but to-morrow he would be out fishing all day; would Faith not have the first reading of the book? He could come up to the rocks for it the day after to-morrow. Or, his aunt had sent him over to the florist's for flowers; he had bought twice as many as she needed; some way the florist had persuaded him into lavishness; would not Faith take half to keep them from wilting? he believed they needed to be put into water at once. That Richard was such a spoiled monkey! he had made him promise to bring him a box of bonbons. By mere accident Kenneth had bought three. Richard would die of surfeit at that rate. Faith must take one box to divide with Letty; and it was such a pretty box—the very thing to keep her lace work in.

But Letty began to look with great uneasiness at Faith's return home with flowers, books, or bonbons.

"What can I do?" said Faith. "Why should I not take a little pleasure when it comes in my way? My life is so dull and hard, Letty."

Letty thought that if she had opportunity she would be very sharp with Master Kenneth. But one day Kenneth put his jolly face in at the open door of the little house on the beach. "Is your sister away?"

"Yes; she is away and I'm glad of it," said Letty sharply.

"So am I," said Kenneth, seating himself on the doorstep. "I know how much you think of your sister by the way I think of mine. Her name is Patty; she is a dear girl. Here is her picture; will you look at it? I want you to help me give her pleasure."

"She *is* a sweet-looking girl," said Letty. "What could I do for her?"

"I want you to make me a real splendid piece of embroidery to take to her when I go home. It shall be a screen, I think. You must choose the kind and the pattern. You have better taste than I. Please do not say you are too busy."

Letty could not say that, for in truth it was a time of very little work, and Letty had been wishing for more to do. As usual she had laid her need before God, and here was work offered. Was this the way of answer to her prayer? To

accept the work seemed the simple fashion of duty. So Letty said: "I can begin it at once."

"That is awfully good of you," said Kenneth.

And Letty thought it only fair to show him some patterns and materials, and give him a chance to exercise his own judgment.

At this point Ralph Kemp came in. Letty hastened to put all on a business footing. "Father, I am going to make a screen for Mr. Julian. It is an order."

"As my poor child is compelled by our misfortunes to do this work," said Ralph, "I suppose we must be thankful that she has it to do. But the days are not very far gone by when I would have thought it impossible that my daughters should know such necessity."

"Ours is peculiarly the country of abrupt vicissitudes of fortune," said Kenneth, who felt that a reply was expected.

"*Plena vita exemplorum est,*" said Kemp sententiously. "Ruin is at all times hard to endure, but ruin which is progeny of crime is hardest of all. My children owe me nothing but reproaches."

"Father!" said Letty, looking at him with entreating eyes.

"It is very warm to-day," said Kenneth, trying to create a diversion; "could you let me have a glass of water, Mr. Kemp?"

"With pleasure; and I wish, young man, that no one had ever offered me a more harmful refreshment, or that my hand had fallen withered when I held it out for a more dangerous luxury."

"Father is very low-spirited just now," explained Letty, as Ralph went for the water.

"'Water the first of all things we do hold,' says Pindar, if you remember," remarked Kemp, returning with a glass of water; "and, my young friend, you cannot have forgotten the lines of Virgil, which have been so beautifully translated:

'So water trembling in a polished vase
Reflects the beam that plays upon its face.
The sportive light, uncertain where it falls,
Now strikes the roof, now flashes on the walls.'

"How well, my young friend, I have known the good, and how rashly I have followed the evil! As a consequence, I find myself unfit to live; too vile to look good men in the face."

"Don't, father!" cried poor Letty. "You make yourself out to be so very much worse than you are!"

"That would be impossible," said her father. "There is no middle path, the Stoics say, between vice and virtue. Nothing is more honest than honesty; nothing more right than right."

Kenneth saw that her father's remarks to him were making Letty miserable. Her father certainly was rather depressing company; besides, if Faith were not at home, she was at the rock house. Kenneth strolled off toward the rock house. Letty sighed.

"I shall be going home before a great while," said Kenneth to Faith. "I have just persuaded your sister to embroider a screen for my sister Patty. I shall tell her all about you both and make her wild with envy that she does not know you. Patty, up in the mountains with Uncle Doctor, is not having half as good a time as I have at the beach. But Uncle Doctor Julian won't come to the sea, and Aunt Parvin won't go to the mountains, so Patty and I have to divide up our valuable company between them. As soon as I get back to the city I shall look up your brother, and I want you to tell me what I am to say to him. How much am I to tell him about you? I should hate to say more or less than you would wish."

Of course it took all the rest of the morning to plan what was to be said to Hugh, and when Faith went home and told Letty how they had been talking about the dear absent brother and planning to get news

from him, how could Letty be other than glad about that?

Master Richard Parvin did not find it difficult to persuade Kenneth to arrange for him a picnic of two up at the rock house, and to provide marvellous dainties for that occasion. Kenneth and a big hamper repaired direct to the rocks, but little Richard, crimson with heat and joy and tugging a basket, appeared on the threshold of the brown house, voluble, insistent.

"You *are* here, Miss Mermaid! It's a picnic, you know, just for us. Ken has gone on with the basket. He would bring some poetry books, but I hope you won't attend to them. Guess what's in this basket! You can't! It's just the goodest spread. Come on now, I've been waiting pretty nigh forever for this picnic, and I've said my prayers every night that there'd be oyster patties and that it wouldn't rain."

Then, for Richard was a born gentleman, "Of course I want this little lady to come too," with a shy look at Letty.

"Letty!" cried Faith suddenly, "come, let us go. Let us have one real bright, pleasant day! We never have any good times. Come."

"But father? I cannot leave him alone," said Letty.

"Bring him along," said Richard with heroism. "Is he any good at digging clams? Have you a shovel? Ken said we'd dig some clams at the inlet, and roast 'em and eat 'em out of oyster shells. It is such fun! You'll come, won't you? Where is your father?"

Letty considered that this excursion might tide over one day happily for father, and that if she refused the invitation for herself, Faith was equal to accepting it in her own behalf. She went to call her father, and Faith set off down toward the rock house with the jubilant Richard.

That was a glorious day. Father shone at his very best. Faith never remembered him to have been more entirely the gentleman, less obtrusively the scholar. He charmed Richard, and waited upon Letty with a courtesy beautiful to behold. Kenneth dug the clams; Richard washed them and collected driftwood for the fire. Faith, Kenneth, and Richard prepared first the dinner and then the supper, and when the west was crimson and gold, and long shadows slanted before them as they went homeward over the sand, they said that it had been a gala day in their lives; and would they ever see its like again?

Father had been inspired to do his best that day because of the little romance he had woven about Faith and Kenneth. The idea that Faith might be rescued by a happy marriage from the miseries of their condition shed the first light that for years had fallen upon the unhappy man's pathway. The fatherhood that was still in him rose up to plan for the future of his child. "One rescued," he said to himself; "yes, two; for Wharton will see Hugh safe; and then, my poor little Letty, what will remain but for you, the guiltless, and me, the guilty, to perish together?"

As Master Richard Parvin's mamma was his dearest confidante, she was informed of all the glories of that clam picnic up the beach. Richard sat up in bed, his arms clasped about the fat knees drawn up under his nightgown, his sunburned countenance shining from a recent bath.

"You just should have been there, mamma; you missed the most fun! Her father is a really gentleman, all except his clothes, and her little sister—I can't tell if she's old or if she's young, but she is so nice! the mermaid beats them all! Ken thinks she does too. Ken likes her better than these ladies at the hotel!"

"What!" said Mrs. Parvin.

"Oh, he does! I've heard him tell you that some of 'em here bored

him, and they didn't know how to talk; but the mermaid don't bore him. They laugh and say poetry and talk. You see, Ken need not have talked to her one mite to-day if it had bored him. He could have talked to the father, who knows Latin and such dull stuff, and I was willing to talk to the mermaid all the time. But Ken he had to keep talking to her, and he even tried to poke me off; he said 'Richard, don't you want to go down there and sail scallop shells?' when *I* was the one that got up the picnic, mamma! I consider that very mean of Ken. If he wanted scallop shells sailed, why didn't he go sail 'em hisself?"

"All right, Richard," said Mrs. Parvin, promptly concluding that the walk up the beach was not too long or hard. "You and I will go and see your mermaid to-morrow, and we will not tell Kenneth, and then he cannot be in your way."

"Oh, you are so sweet, mamma! And say, the mermaid makes lace things a great deal nicer than your very bestest collar. Maybe you'll want to have her make you something. The other one, the little one, is making a screen for Ken, and the shells on it looked just like live. It is a copy of seaweeds all hanging down, bladder weeds with poppers on 'em, and red and yellow shells, conches, lying round on sand. Saw it at the little house on the beach, mamma."

Mrs. Parvin made her preparations for a long walk up the beach, and concluded within herself that young men were just as much trouble to look after as young women.

Only Letty was at home next day when Richard escorted his mamma to the house on the beach. Father, restless, had concluded to go to look after his lobster pots and do some bottom-fishing, and as Faith was all out of work, she went with him to assure his return home without going to the wharf.

"Here's Ken's screen, mamma, for Patty," said Richard, doing the honours.

"I was very glad to get the order. This is slack time in fancy work, just now," said poor Letty.

"Why, did you design that? How beautiful! What a wonderful little spider crab this is peeping out from the weeds! You should have been an artist!" cried Mrs. Parvin to Letty.

"Faith brings me my patterns—seaweeds, flowers, shells, crabs, beetles, all sorts of natural things; so it is easy to put them together," said Letty. "But I have often thought that if things had gone well with us, I should have liked to learn to paint. That would have been better than anything else."

"You look very cozy here," said Mrs. Parvin; "that is a real little boudoir by your window."

"Faith did all that," said Letty. "Faith is so good to me."

And then from word to word these two, the easy, handsome woman from the city, happy, fortunate wife and mother, and the little dwarfed worker by the seaside, slipped into closer and closer confidence as they talked, finding their hearts near akin, the one being lonely and anxious and longing for a friend; the other motherly and sympathetic, and both having kinship through the household of faith Why, Letty even told how funds had grown low and work had failed, and she had prayed for more, and how she wondered if she had done right to take this that Kenneth had offered. It had seemed to her, Letty said, that she and Faith were set apart and not like other girls, for they belonged not to the people among whom their lot had been cast, and were exiled from the life where once they had belonged; and was she not right in thinking that it was better that they should keep to themselves and not to make acquaintances, or stir up discontent or longings for happier things that could not be?

Mrs. Parvin found Letty right in this.

Then Faith's work was shown, and Mrs. Parvin ordered several pieces at better prices than the stores offered.

"And you must think it is really all right to take this work. I am not a flattering young man, and I think God really sent me here to see you," said Mrs. Parvin.

But Faith, when she came home and heard of the visit from Letty, flushed and frowned and seemed reluctant to take this work, although she felt compelled to do so.

There was a large piece of timber buried in the sand near the house; the moon was at full, making a path of splendour over the sea. Faith and Kenneth sat on that timber talking, as the evening wore away. They were a stone's cast from Letty sitting in her window and father on the doorstep.

"It is all right," said father; "it is better so."

And Letty shook her head. She could not believe that. When they were alone she took Faith's hand:

"Dear Faith, you are only going to make yourself sad and discontented. This is not well. We were right when we said we would make no friends among these summer guests. We are not of their kind. You will listen to me, Faith, and give this acquaintance up? I know what is best for you; I am the eldest, you know."

Faith was vexed; but there was pathos as well as whimsicality in that plea of seniority made by this poor little sister, and the tall, handsome Faith bent down and hugged her to her heart.

KEEP ME, MY GOD!

The fishermen of Brittany are wont to utter this simple prayer when they launch their boats upon the deep: "Keep me, my God—my boat is so small, and Thy ocean so wide."

I LIE within the harbour bar
Ready to drift out with the tide:
Keep me, my God—my boat is small,
Thy ocean wide.

Upon the gently heaving deep,
With swelling sail wide-spread, I ride:
Keep me, my God—my boat is small,
Thy ocean wide.

The sun shines bright, the breeze is fair,
Swiftly upon my course I glide:
Keep me, my God—my boat is small,
Thy ocean wide.

A swoon-like calm holds air and sea—
Wrapt in a sultry haze, I bide:
Keep me, my God—my boat is small,
Thy ocean wide.

The storm-clouds lower in the west,
Deep rumblings seem the peace to chide:
Keep me, my God—my boat is small,
Thy ocean wide.

So night falls on the pathless deep,
The storm-clouds now the heavens hide:
Keep me, my God—my boat is small,
Thy ocean wide.

The storm breaks—'neath its blow I reel—
The waves, high-towering, lash my side:
Keep me, my God—my boat is small,
Thy ocean wide.

My masts are gone, my rigging torn,
The plaything of the storm I ride:
Keep me, my God—my boat is small,
Thy ocean wide.

Dismantled, crippled, all but lost,
With labour into port I glide:
Thou hast kept me safe, tho' small my boat,
Thy ocean wide.

IN the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
And He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

—*Julia Ward Howe.*

"BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER-BUSH."*

THE REV. JOHN WATSON.—"IAN MACLAREN."

Of Ian Maclaren it may be said that above all his remarkable gifts he has "the primeval instinct of pity." It is the presence of this instinct which explains the charm and attraction of his book, which is meeting with an enviable and well-deserved popularity. There is a certain bloom of sensibility and feeling about it which, in its purity and fidelity to truth in character uplifts and inspires in a time when spontaneity is lacking in literature.

The traditions of the Scottish Church, its silent and unceasing witness to conscience, have won Ian Maclaren's respect and sympathy, and a radiant light has illumined the stern and tragic procession of worshippers and revealed to the world the warm heart that beat beneath the forbidding cast and angularities of their characters. Ian Maclaren is as "heartily reverent as any of his predecessors or comrades in his appreciation of the

> Meek women, men as true and brave
> As ever went to a hopeful grave,

who professed the faith in Scotland." None but a Scot could have described with such rare fidelity, such proud self-restraint mingled with grave tenderness, and with a delicacy of touch swift and sure, their characteristics of silent but deep affection, of life-long loyalty to their religion, have divined that firm grasp of truth and tender mysticism whose combination is the charm of Scottish piety.

The little hamlet of cotters and farmers, of whom Ian Maclaren writes, lay under the shadow of the Grampian Hills on the Highland border, among the glens of northern Perthshire. Its folk were "no clever and learned like what ye are," as the Rev. John Carmichael's "Auntie" warned him on the eve of his first sermon, "but juist plain country folk, ilka ane wi' his ain temptation, an a' sair trachled wi' mony cares o' this world." Drumtochty, we are told, never acquitted itself with credit at a marriage, but the parish had a genius for funerals. Its speech was distilled slowly, drop by drop, and the faces of the men were carved in stone.

It was at the end of the house beside the brier-bush that they found Marget, when Domsie, the schoolmaster, leading a procession of three, marched proudly up the glen, and read her the news that her son George had taken the medal both in the humanity and the Greek. There was just a single ambition in those humble homes in Drumtochty—to have one of its members at college; and if Domsie approved a lad, then his brothers and sisters would give their wages, and the family would live on skim-milk and oatcake, to let him have his chance. Marget had been set on seeing Geordie a minister, and Domsie, who had an unerring scent for "parts" in his laddies, and could detect a scholar in the egg, had singled out George Howe in his "first year o' Latin, when he juist nippit up his verbs," and from that time forth "Geordie Hoo was marked for college." It was beside the brier-bush, its roses no whiter than his cheeks, that some years afterwards George sat on summer afternoons before he died. Here also, "where nature had her way, and gracious thoughts could visit one without any jarring note," Domsie, whose "heart was nigh unto the breaking," sat with him the afternoon before the end, and there was a thrush singing in the birches, and a sound of bees in the air, when "the veesion o' Him came to the Dominie in this gairden." When he left his laddie, who had brought him "licht at eventide," and passed out at the garden gate, "the westering sun was shining golden, and the face of Domsie was like unto that of a little child."

Doctor MacLure, whose rugged life of

* *Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush.* By Ian Maclaren. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.00.

self-sacrificing effort spent by day and by night endeared him to Drumtochty, and who fought with death and struggled with the flood over moreland and dale, and wore bravely the physical defects which were the penalties of his work, is the finest portrait in the book. From the people of such "scandalous" good health it was impossible for him to earn even a modest pittance, and "MacLure got nothing but the secret affection of the Glen, which knew that none had ever done one-tenth as much for it as this ungainly, twisted, battered figure; and I have seen a Drumtochty face soften at the sight of MacLure limping to his horse." Well it might, for his limp marked the big snow-storm in the fifties which could not daunt him when an errand of mercy called him forth.

And so on the old poignant story of life's joys runs in mingled homespun comedy and tragedy among the humble folk of Drumtochty. Yet it is not the wit or humour or keen observation, nor the inherent poetry and beauty of composition, that will conquer the multitude, but that which gains love as well as admiration —the author's power to move the heart to the depths. Truly such work is "efficacious in making men wiser, better, and happier."—*The Outlook.*

CHARITY; OR, LOVE.—1 Cor. xiii.

BY "ISABELLA."

The mightiest word in God's great Book is Charity—dear Love,
Mightier than all the lore of earth, all angel tongues above.

Mightier than rapt Isaiah's gift of grand prophetic fire;
Mightier than Moses' rod, that made proud Pharaoh's hosts retire.

Mightier than Daniel's gaze, that pierced through mysteries unknown;
Than that great Revelation given to John on Patmos lone.

Greater than these and more than these, yet lowliest on earth,
Enduring with the meekness born alone of Heavenly birth.

The rich, the great of earth may reign, unenvied of sweet Love;
It turns from earthly pomp and seeks the higher things above.

Believing all things, hoping all the possible of good,
Trusting the True, nor suffering self one moment to intrude.

The weakest cause it makes its own, if but that cause be right;
Sweet Charity! thy veil is thrown o'er what won't bear the light.

God's servants robed with Charity, a boon and blessing are,
As comforting as loving John, their influence shed afar.

Allured by Love, the weary ones and guilty come to God;
Touched by the grace Divine, they seek the path the Master trod.

Constraining Love it falls on all, twice blessing and twice blest,
By giver and receiver both its gracious power confest.

Refining, comforting, Divine, O may this grace be ours;
The joy of strewing earth's rough paths with sweet Love's fragrant flowers.

God's greatest gift! for without love we ne'er could be forgiven,
It brought the Saviour from above for us to purchase heaven.

Right Love should reign on earth below, should reign in Heaven above,
For self-proclaimed in living words we learn that "God is Love"!

When Faith, and Hope, and Time shall cease, and earth shall pass away,
Love crowned in Christ shall reign in Heaven thro' one eternal day.

St. Johns, Nfd.

STEVENSON'S RELIGIOUS ATTITUDE.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE sudden and unexpected death of Robert Louis Stevenson has sent a pang of pain through the hearts of many readers in two continents. There was in his writing that personal charm which makes the author a friend as well as a teacher or story-teller. He had the rare art of subtle appeal to one's sympathies, of awakening a responsive chord to the touch of genial comradeship, of breathing a spirit of steady kindness which led one into an atmosphere of peace and good-will to men. For weeks and months to come we shall be favoured with criticisms of the departed novelist in which ample justice will be done to his great genius and wonderful command of a distinguished style. But one aspect of his many-sided life is apt to be forgotten. His attitude to religion has not received, so far as we have read the notices of his career, the attention it deserves. Without pretending for one moment to say the final, or even a conclusive, word on the subject, we wish to emphasize the fact that religion played a large part in moulding the thought and activity of Robert Louis Stevenson.

Stevenson's grandfather was a clergyman of the Church of Scotland. The holidays of his boyhood were spent in the manse of that good and gifted man. Many were the talks the two had together, and out of them came a seriousness of mind and respect for the sanctities of religion which the young dreamer never forgot. It is a significant truth that his first printed essay dealt with the struggles of the Covenanters, and that it displayed a warm appreciation of the aims and aspirations of the heroes who would die rather than surrender their fidelity to Christ's crown and covenant. After a time the literary pursuits which engaged him carried his mind into other fields, but the soft, clear light of Christianity shone over all he wrote. Not a single line came from his pen that could be construed into an attack on religion—an assertion that cannot be made concerning some of his colleagues—and he ever preserved an attitude of reverence towards the mysteries and solemnities of the universe.

When sickness came to him, at the very beginning of a career radiant with the brightest hopes of fame, he accepted the inevitable with a bravery and gentleness which were thoroughly Christian in temper. For twenty years he fought death as a man doomed to die at any moment. Change of climate and scene enabled the strong spirit to keep its hold of the frail body while the active imagination wrought into imperishable forms of beauty the fancies that possessed it. Other men would have been soured into bitter cynicism, or dulled into despair of achieving anything by the early sentence of death, but Robert Louis Stevenson was only spurred by it to a redemption of every fleeting moment, which reaped a richer harvest in twenty years than that which falls to the service of most men of genius in twice twenty years. The lessons of his youth, the memories of ancestors faithful unto death in the discharge of duty, the sense of the responsibility of talent to the enriching and beautifying of life, were beyond doubt the staying power of the effort carried on so persistently and vigorously.

In his later years Stevenson did more than vaguely reveal his warm appreciation of Christianity. The missionaries of Samoa found in him a friend, and he spoke of their work with an emphasis of testimony which could not be mistaken. He even appeared on a religious platform, and lifted up his voice on behalf of religion. These things we remember with grateful joy now that he is gone. It is stated on high authority that his letters show how much his mind dwelt, during the past months, on the deeper mysteries of the faith once for all delivered to the saints. He never made any open profession of a saving change, but we have good reason to believe that, although he

wandered far from the teachings of his youth, he came back in the end like a wearied sea-bird to its native nest, and slept on the promises which cheered his Scottish ancestors in the hour of death. Very touching and beautiful are the lines he contributed as a preface to the *edition de luxe* of his friend S. R. Crockett's "Stickit Minister":

Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and rain are flying—
Blows the wind on the moors to-day and now,
Where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are crying,
My heart remembers how!

Gray, recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,
Standing stones on the vacant, wine-red moor,
Hills of the sheep, and the homes of the silent, vanished races,
And winds austere and pure!

Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,
Hills of home! and to hear again the call—
Hear about the grave of the martyrs the peewees crying,
And hear no more at all!

The vision he prayed for may have come to gladden the Samoan death-bed of the dreamer whose heart never forgot the faith and the battles which made his beloved country strong and great.—*Central Christian Advocate.*

I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

BY A. HART.

I SHALL be satisfied,—
Oh! wondrous gift to sinful, feeble man;
Oh! wondrous love to make and give a plan,
For hearts now sorely tried—
I shall be satisfied.

I shall be satisfied,
When in His likeness I awake from sin,
And by God's grace a life of trust begin,
And thus in God abide—
I shall be satisfied.

I shall be satisfied,
When I awake on resurrection morn
Among the many saints, and Christ first-born
Of those who shall abide—
I shall be satisfied,

HALIFAX, N.S.

I shall be satisfied
E'en here on earth, when Christ dwells in my heart
By faith, rooted and firm in love my part,
And Christ is on my side—
I shall be satisfied.

I shall be satisfied,
When with all saints, to me by faith made bright,
What is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height,
And know the love for which I sighed—
I shall be satisfied.

I shall be satisfied,
When sin and evil in my heart are killed,
And with the fulness of my God I'm filled,
And follow Christ my guide—
I shall be satisfied.

EASTER.

BENEATH the stars of dawn the Saviour stood,
And cast the trammels of the tomb aside,
That we might kneel in simple gratitude
At Easter-tide.

We, too, shall rise again, at break of day,
To the dear heaven where His saints abide,
And meet the risen Lord, to whom we pray,
At Easter-tide.

His tranquil lilies silently unfold
Their dewy cups, and field and mountain-side
Thrill with their bursting buds of white and gold,
At Easter-tide.

They, too, have sprung new-risen from the tomb,
Type of the life for which our Saviour died;
Then will we bind His holy cross with bloom,
At Easter-tide.

—*Ola Moore.*

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

There are now ninety-three ministers in Fiji, Samoa, and New Britain. It was from Fiji that Dr. Brown led the missionary expedition which resulted in the founding of the mission in New Britain, where there are now nearly 1,000 members in society. In Samoa there are 1,723 members with 551 on trial. In Fiji itself—eighty islands—there are 30,646 members, 5,276 on trial and 7,417 catechumens, with 98,959 attendants at public worship, also 900 churches.

The *Joyful News* is the sole property of Mr. and Mrs. Champness, and has been a financial success from the beginning. The first $1,000 was given to the Worn Out Ministers' Fund. With the next money two young laymen were engaged to work in connection with a village chapel where the cause had nearly died out. The young men were full of zeal, and succeeded so admirably that a gentleman gave Mr. Champness $750 to enable him to employ other lay agents, and now nearly one hundred men are thus employed. Mr. Champness is as much of an autocrat as is General Booth of the Salvation Army. He alone engages and dismisses his men, and he alone is responsible for their support. He pays them no salaries, but supplies their needs from time to time. Of course only men full of zeal and self-sacrifice can remain in such a service.

There are fourteen thousand Wesleyan chapels in Great Britain. In the thirty-eight parish councils of the south division 202 out of 293 councillors are Methodists.

At the late meeting of the Chapel Committee there were 373 cases of building sanctioned which would cost $998,805. Of these forty-eight will accommodate ten thousand hearers, and all are in places where Methodism only lately gained admittance.

Rev. Hugh Price Hughes preached his first sermon in a Welsh cottage to a congregation of old sailors, widows and others. He was then a school-boy.

The Special Committee on Women Representatives to Conference has met, and in view of all the circumstances have agreed to recommend that, "after due process of legislation, the Conference shall permit the election of a woman representative to the Conference when in the judgment of any district synod such an election would serve the best interests of the work of God."

Methodist Episcopal Church.

There are now fourteen thousand chapters of the Epworth League regularly chartered, and more than three thousand chapters of the Junior League. There has been an increase of ten chapters per day during the past six years.

The annual meeting of the Book-Room was recently held at New York. The total sales for the year ending June, 1894, was $868,135.78, and the assets were $2,015,840.34. The sum of $80,045 had been paid to the Conferences. No less than $144,583 had been expended for new presses and various improvements.

Of the Western Book Concern it was reported that there is a net capital of $1,381,112.04; sales of books and periodicals amount to $989,186.75.

There are now 128 Methodist churches within the city limits (Chicago). Within the past four years forty-one new churches have been built. Of the 128 churches there are six African, three Bohemian, thirteen German, thirteen Swedish, and five Norwegian and Danish. In the Christian Endeavour Societies of the same city, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Dutch, German, Bohemian and Chinese are used.

Dr. Hugh Johnston, Metropolitan Church, Washington, took his missionary collection the last Sabbath in January, which amounted to $1,650, the largest amount of any missionary collection in the Church.

A thrilling scene was witnessed at the altar of the church at Morgantown, W. Va. There came forward among other seekers a Chinaman. He had scarcely knelt when there came forward and knelt at his side a Japanese young man, himself an earnest Christian and law student at the University. With his arm over the Chinese penitent, the Japanese so instructed the seeker after Christ that they

both rose from their knees, and the brother announced that Chan Sing Fauk felt that he had found Christ.

Bishop Warren has lately held several Conferences in the South, where he experienced some thrilling incidents. A coloured preacher had been stabbed well-nigh to death by the dirk of a member he had found it necessary to discipline. He received a skull and crossbones letter with orders to leave. At Conference his appointment was one of the climactic events. He placed his life in the hands of the appointing Power. His wife made a plea for his removal, but after prayer said with a sunlit countenance, that she was ready for whatever seemed the will of God. The noble man was returned to the charge. When the appointment was read, it seemed as if the spirit of the martyrs was in the air. With modesty, supreme self-forgetfulness, and without a thought that he was a hero, the brother in black returned to his charge not knowing what awaits him.

The Methodist is the largest Protestant community in the United States as indicated by the last census. In 1890 its seventeen bodies aggregated 4,589,284 members: the Baptists (thirteen bodies) 3,717,969; the Presbyterians (twelve bodies) 1,231,072; the Disciples of Christ (Campbellites) 641,051; Protestant Episcopal (two bodies) 540,509; Congregationalists, 512,771.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Bishop Hendrix lately visited St. Louis and attended a meeting of the trustees of the Barnes Hospital, with which he was greatly pleased. The late Mr. Barnes left $1,100,000 to found and endow the said hospital. The trustees have received the money and are proceeding to carry out the wishes of the testator. This is the largest gift the Church ever received, exceeding the gift of Commodore Vanderbilt by $100,000.

Methodist New Connexion.

Preparations are being rapidly completed for the centenary services. It is expected that $500,000 will be raised for general and local purposes.

Some want to change the name of the Church to either "Methodist Church," or "Presbyterian Methodist Church."

Primitive Methodist.

The Aliwal North Mission in East-Central Africa, has carried its work over the frontier into the Orange Free State. A number of native Africans have been converted. Some of the masters demand that the poor people must obtain a "pass" every time they attend meeting or be subject to punishment. Some who neglected to obtain the "pass" have been severely fined; one man over eighty years was imprisoned a month for this crime (?).

Rev. S. Harry, of Guernsey, has been committed to prison for six months for performing a marriage ceremony in his own house contrary to law. He was ignorant of the law, and though he acknowledged his error, "the powers that be" on the island consigned him to a felon's cell. Great indignation is felt over the affair, and the matter will be brought before the British Parliament.

Bible Christian Connexion.

A special mission was conducted at Barry by Miss North, which continued sixteen days; more than eighty persons went into the inquiry-room. One man, an infidel, was converted, who went to the chapel to get money from his wife to spend in drink, was arrested and converted.

Methodist Church.

The Fourth Annual Convention of the Young People's Association for Ontario and Quebec, was held in Elm St. Church, Toronto, February 25–27. The attendance was large; more than 650 delegates were registered. The church was crowded. All who took part acquitted themselves nobly. There has been no such meeting held in connection with the young people of Methodism in Canada before. The outlook is very encouraging. A report of the proceedings will be published in pamphlet form. The visits of Rev. Drs. Schell and Steel, secretaries of the Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopal Churches, North and South, respectively added greatly to the interest of the occasion.

The meeting of the Social Union in Trinity Church, Toronto, February 19th, at which the official members of all the churches in the city were entertained by the Union, was a great gathering and one that will be of great benefit to the Methodism of the city. Addresses were given by Rev. Dr. Potts, S. Chown, and Messrs. Donogh and Rowell; the meeting was thrown open for volunteers and became a real old-fashioned experience meeting.

At Fairville, New Brunswick, Senator Lewin gave $1,000 at the dedication of a church, and Mr. Joseph Allison pur-

chased a house for $4,000 for a parsonage in connection with Centenary Church. The Allison family is well known in Methodism, and it is gratifying that the name receives increasing honour.

Rev. Messrs Hunter and Crossley have been labouring in connection with the People's Church, Boston, hundreds were moved under their appeals, and at the time of this writing they have commenced their labours at St. John, New Brunswick.

Mrs. Aikenhead—late Miss Dimsdale—Miss Macdonald, and Mr. Spicer have been doing good service in some of the Toronto churches. The veteran, Rev. Charles Fish, has laboured several weeks during the winter at various places with his usual energy. Rev. Arthur Browning has also been abundant in labours in Western Ontario. These old guards are slow to quit the field.

The Editor, Dr. Withrow, intends to go abroad for some weeks. He will thus renew his strength, and gather material for the benefit of his readers.

Recent Deaths.

Rev. E. Westington (Bible Christian) died in Plymouth, November 25th, aged seventy-nine years, and the fifty-fifth year of his ministry.

Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D., (Baptist) died February 2nd He had been twenty-five years pastor in that city. He was a man remarkable for spiritual power, and the author of several volumes of more than ordinary value.

In the same month the Rev. W. M. Taylor, D.D., of Broadway Tabernacle, New York, was called to his reward. Several volumes of his sermons were published, so that "he being dead yet speaketh."

Rev. Wm. Elton (Wesleyan) died January 2nd, aged ninety-two, after being sixty-four years in the ministry. He was successful in his circuits, in several of which he had extensive revivals.

Mrs. Lathrap, of the W.C.T.U., died at Jackson, Mich., January 8th. She was a star of the first magnitude, not only in the temperance cause but also as an evangelist.

Rev. E. D. Lewis, of our own Church, went to his reward February 28th, aged forty-two. He entered the ministry in 1876. He was a man greatly beloved for his fidelity to his work.

The circumstances attending the death of the Rev. J. W. Annis, of the Queen's Avenue Church, London, were especially pathetic. The members of the General Conference will remember how devoted he was to the interests of that assembly. His strength was doubtless exhausted in the preparation for the Conference, and though he gave with vigour and vivacity one of the addresses of welcome he had the look of a man prematurely worn out. He was compelled not long after to go to Clifton Springs for rest, but was summoned home on the burning of the Queen's Avenue church. He again took up, as far as strength would permit, his ministerial work, but the o'erstrung bow snapped at last. He was stricken with paralysis of the brain and soon passed away from the shadows of time to the fadeless light of eternity. He had been in the ministry twenty-three years, and his Christian earnestness and kindly courtesy had endeared him to a large number of friends on former circuits at Toronto, Hamilton, St. Thomas, Chatham, London and elsewhere. He was forty-five years of age.

We stop the press to announce the lamented death of the Rev. Dr. Donald G. Sutherland, of this city. Dr. Sutherland was one of the best beloved ministers of our wide Connexion. Modest and unassuming in character he lived in the hearts of thousands who knew his tried and tested Christian worth. Dr. Sutherland had been ill for about two years, but hopes were entertained, up to within a short time of his death, of his recovery. He bore his long and painful illness with Christian patience and resignation, and sent messages of loving greeting and faith and hope to his beloved church and to individual members thereof. Dr. Sutherland was a son of the late Captain Sutherland, who met his tragic death by the Desjardins canal accident, a brother of Mrs. Strachan, Secretary of the Woman's Missionary Society of our Church, and son-in-law of the Hon. J. C. Aikins, late Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba. He was a brilliant graduate of Victoria University, and entered the legal profession with S. F. Lazier, Q.C., of Hamilton. But he heard a call to the Christian ministry and straightway forsook all to obey it. He was a faithful pastor and able minister of the New Testament. He laboured with great success at St. Thomas, Kingston, Queen's Avenue, London; Elm Street, Toronto; Wesley Church, Hamilton; and Central Church, Toronto. Of him, as of the beloved Nathanael, it may be said, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile."

Book Notices.

The People's Cyclopedia of Universal Knowledge, with Numerous Appendices. Invaluable for Reference in all Departments of Industrial Life. Edited by W. H. De Puy, A.M., D.D., LL.D., and one hundred special contributors. Six volumes. Super royal 8vo, over three thousand pages, with three thousand five hundred illustrations, and three hundred maps and charts and a complete and indexed atlas of the globe. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs, sole agent for Canada. Price, cloth, $24.00.

A good cyclopedia is almost a household necessity. Few things will contribute more to the education of a family. We come upon a thousand things in our reading on which we need more information. It is an invaluable habit for young people, or older ones either, to learn to consult a cyclopedia. It will greatly enlarge the bounds of their knowledge and give definiteness and accuracy to their ideas. Of course teachers, preachers and professional men generally, will find their usefulness greatly increased by means of an up-to-date cyclopedia.

Heretofore the cost of good cyclopedias has prevented all, save a favoured few, from possessing them. Large and expensive cyclopedias, like the "Britannica," are constructed, we think, on an erroneous principle as far as popular use is concerned. They give exhaustive treatises on a large number of topics; but a much larger number are not treated at all. These treatises, especially on science, mechanics, geography, discovery, chemistry, electricity and other subjects, become out of date in a few years. What is specially needed for a people's cyclopedia is a very wide range of subjects, and the information on these brought down to the latest possible date and condensed into as small a space as is consistent with clearness and accuracy. When one wants to consult a cyclopedia he does not want to read a long treatise but to find in a page or two the information needed.

This is the principle upon which The People's Cyclopedia has been framed. It embraces no fewer than 36,727 articles, as compared with 15,351 articles in the Britannica.

"The People's" contains substantially all the information to be found in the "Britannica," and over twenty thousand articles not to be found in the larger work.

This book was prepared in the conscientious manner for which the Methodist Publishing House of New York is noted. The large capital of that House allowed it to spend for the mechanical construction alone, of the People's Cyclopedia, over $100,000. The large sale has vindicated this outlay. For the decade 1890 the sales averaged over ten thousand sets a year. Since then it has been thoroughly revised and the latest advances in all the arts and sciences, discovery and exploration, and the results of the decennial census of Germany, Great Britain, Canada and the United States embodied. It is printed from entirely new plates, the type being one-third larger than the earlier edition.

It is a faithful mirror of the world's thought and achievement up to the date of going to press. It includes for instance such recent historical facts as the assassination of President Carnot, deposition of the Queen of Hawaii, an account of the seal-fishery question of 1893, of the World's Fair, of the primacy of Lord Rosebery in England.

We find on examination that careful attention has been given to Canadian topics, under such special editors as Dr. Allison, J. Macdonald Oxley and other representative Canadians. Among the American editors are Thomas A. Edison, Dr. Buckley, Bishop Fowler, Bishop Hurst; and in Great Britain are Bonamy Price, Prof. Balfour, Prof. Blaikie, Prof. Bain, Prof. J. Bryce, William and Robert Chambers, Prof. Candlish, Prof. W. B. Carpenter, Prof. Davison, Prof. Dawkins, Emanuel Deutsch and E. W. Gosse of the British Museum, Prof. A. Geikie, Sir A. Grant, Prof. Huxley, Prof. Jevons, A. Keith Johnson and other such eminent authorities.

A special feature of this cyclopedia is its copious illustration. These are not introduced merely as embellishments, but for the elucidation of the text. Many subjects are thus made much more clear than they would be by pages of description. Every department of human know-

ledge passes under review. On the subject of "Christianity," for instance, Comparative Religions, Christian Sects and Schisms, Superstitions and the like, Great Churches and Denominations, Councils and Orders and Missions are treated; also Sociology, Chronology, Education and Institutions. Numerous coloured maps and charts describe every part of the known world.

Great Races of Mankind. An Account of the Ethnic Origin, Primitive Estate, Early Migrations, Social Evolution, and Present Conditions and Promise of the Principal Families of Men, together with a Preliminary Inquiry on the Time, Place and Manner of the Beginning. Complete in Four Volumes. By JOHN CLARK RIDPATH, LL.D. Cincinnati: The Jones Brothers Publishing Co. Quarto; 800 pages per volume; half Russia binding. Price, $28.00.

"The proper study of mankind is man!" So wrote a great poet and so thinks Dr. Ridpath. We had the pleasure of reviewing very fully in these pages Dr. Ridpath's previous work, "The Cyclopedia of Universal History." The present volumes form a still more comprehensive survey of mankind.

Dr. Ridpath's previous work treats the movements and results of organized society. It relates to the circumstances of national life with the objectivities of sosocial progress. The present volumes, or ethnic history, as he calls his work, describe the races, not the events. Mankind is considered an entity.

He discusses first the time, place and manner of the beginning of human life, the primitive condition of mankind, the migrations and distributions of the race, and the classification and differentiation of diverse races. In the closer study of these races he begins with the great Aryan or Indo-European family, noticing its divergence in the Hellenic, the "Italican," the Celtic and Teutonic races: the social organization of these races, their languages, arts and technology as indications of character: their governments and laws, as exemplifying human genius: their religious and other ethnic characteristics.

From this outline will be seen how full and far-reaching must be this mode of treatment of the great family of mankind. In discussing the Greek and Latin races he branches out into an examination of the character, social, religious and moral development of the Italian, French, Spanish, Anglo-Saxon, Celtic, Teutonic, Norse, Scandinavian and Slavic races. An account of special interest is of the Hebrew, Syrian and Arabic races, and of the ancient peoples of Egypt, Chaldea and Assyria.

Turning from these higher civilizations Dr. Ridpath describes the Mongols, Hindus, Chinese and Japanese races, the Malays, the wide-spreading Mongoloid races, and finally reaches the most degraded of all the Hametic, Nigritian, Australian and Papuan races.

While this is not a detailed history it brings under review the great historic problems of the ages and traces the development of civilization from its feeble beginnings to its highest attainments in classic and modern times. In many respects it furnishes a philosophy of history showing its underlying principles, tendencies, complex relations and practical outcome.

Chapters of exceeding interest are those concerning pre-historic man, the mound-builders and cliff-dwellers of America, and the lake-dwellers and cave-men of the Old World. As a work on human palæontology and archæology it is of very great value.

A marked feature of this book is its very copious and sumptuous illustration. The volumes contain many hundreds of engravings, many of them of a high order of merit, by leading artists. There are also a number of coloured maps and lithographs of special value.

The volumes are a perfect library in themselves and the work is the best on ethnography, which is being so fully studied in all our colleges, that we know. We shall have occasion hereafter to refer much more fully to these four volumes.

The Mystic Secret, and other Sermons. By JAMES LEWIS. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Gilt top. Pp. 237.

The issue of successive volumes of sermons is a striking demonstration of the perennial interest in the most important of all subjects, the relationship of man to God. Those contained in this volume are especially worthy of preservation and circulation in this permanent form. As a specimen of the moral elevation and broad sweep of these sermons, note the following:

"The statistics of the various Methodist Conferences do not reveal the whole of its power. It has been operative in every circle of English society. It is solidified in great philanthropic institutions. It is seen in the humanitarian spirit of our times. The historian Green says, 'But the Methodists themselves

were the least result of the Methodist revival. Its action upon the Church broke the lethargy of the Clergy. . . In the nation at large appeared a new moral enthusiasm, which, rigid and pedantic as it often seemed, was still healthy in its social tone, and whose power was seen in the disappearance of the profligacy which had disgraced the upper classes, and the foulness which had infested literature, ever since the Reformation. But the noblest result of the religious revival was the steady attempt, which has never ceased from that day to this, to remedy the guilt, the ignorance, the physical suffering, the social degradation, of the profligate and the poor. . . The passionate impulse of human sympathy with the wrong and afflicted raised hospitals, endowed charities, built churches, sent missionaries to the heathen, supported Burke in his plea for the Hindu, and Clarkson and Wilberforce in their crusade against the iniquity of the slave trade.'"

The Wisdom Literature of the Old Testament. By W. T. DAVISON, M.A., D.D., author of "The Praises of Israel," etc., etc. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 315.

This is a companion volume to "The Praises of Israel," published last year. Together they form an admirable introduction to the poetical books and wisdom-literature of the Bible. The volume under review treats of "The Literature of Wisdom," "The Book of Job: its Contents, its Age and Authorship, its Poetry"; "The Book of Proverbs; its Structure and Contents, its Religious Teaching, its Ethical Teaching, its Authorship and Design," and "The Song of Songs." We would recommend this book to all our Leagues, Bible-classes and young people's societies.

Samuel Rutherford and some of his Correspondents. By ALEXANDER WHYTE. Antique style. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 90 cents.

Samuel Rutherford was one of the most devout spirits of the seventeenth century. His was a soul akin to that of the seraphic McCheyne of two hundred years later. These sketches of such choice spirits as Lady Kenmure, C. N. Brown, the Gordons, the Guthries, Gillespies and other contemporaries, breathe a religious atmosphere that goes far to explain the high status of Scotland in moral and religious life.

Rab Bethune's Double; or, Life's Lon Battle Won. By EDWARD GARRETT. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $2.10. Gilt top.

Scottish life and character lend themselves wonderfully to dramatic treatment. The shrewd wisdom and dry humour of even the lowly, the noble ideals which many of them cherish and seek to realize, their struggles and trials and triumphs, furnish admirable material for the skilful writer. Such a writer we have in the veteran story-teller, Edward Garrett. This story is a variation on these themes. A distinct artistic value is given to the book by the beautiful copper etchings of Jedburgh, Dryburg and Norham abbeys, and Neidpath and Smailholm castles.

In the National Gallery. Four Letters on the Development of Italian Art. By EMELINE A. RAND. Toronto: William Briggs.

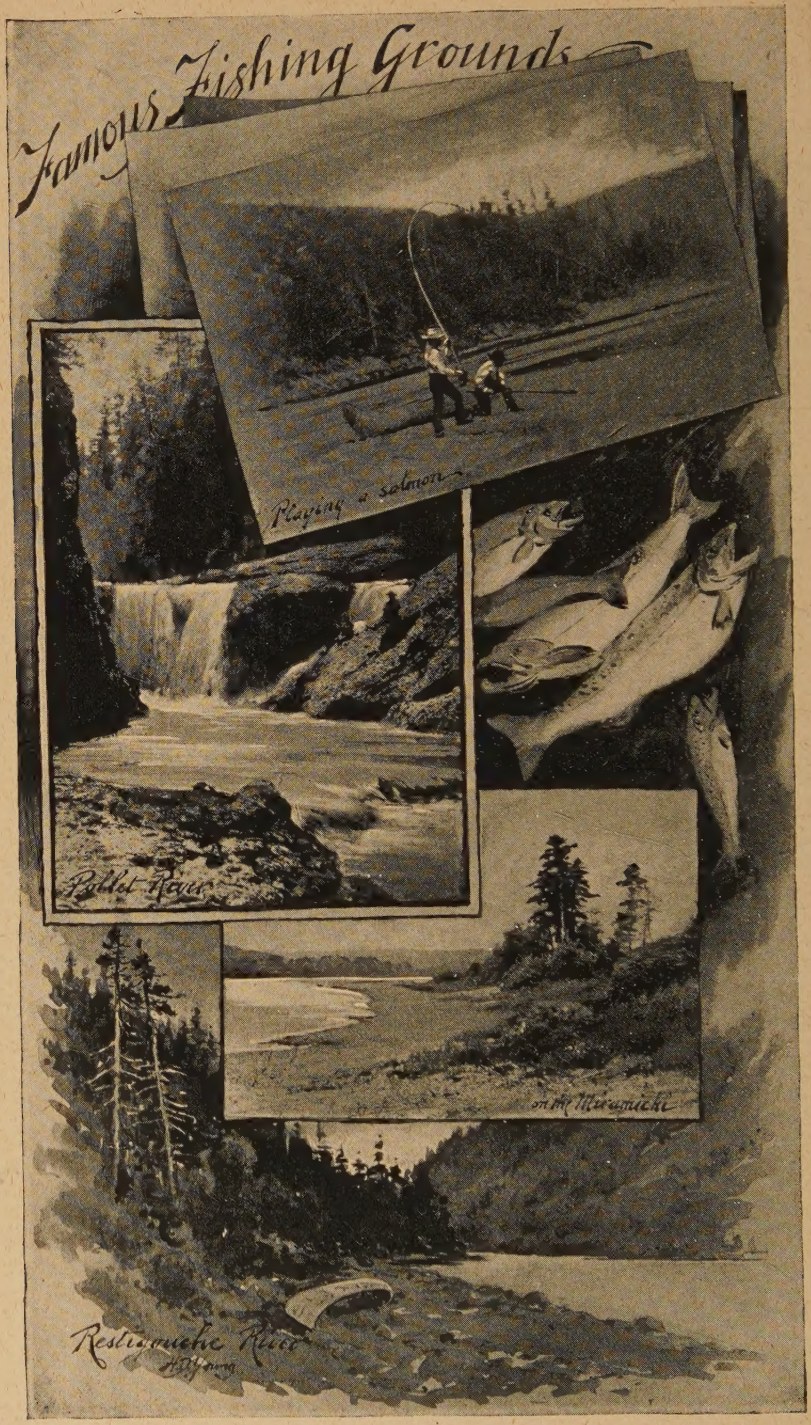
The accomplished wife of Principal Rand, of McMaster University, has made in this book a contribution of marked value towards the appreciation of sacred art. Mrs. Rand has studied with care the magnificent collection of pictures in the National Gallery in London, one of the richest collections in Europe, and discusses with excellent taste and judgment the works of the great masters which it contains. We shall take this book with us on our trip abroad as an aid to the enjoyment of art of our companions in travel.

Marie. By LAURA E. RICHARDS. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50 cents.

The fact that a book has reached an eleventh edition is a presumption of marked literary excellence. That presumption is amply fulfilled in this case. The story of the butterfly French girl winning the love of a grim Puritan and waking the flowers of poesy in his stern nature is remarkably told in this little book.

The Flight of the Humming-Birds. A poem of LUTHER WESLEY PECK, D.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50 cents.

This is a dainty booklet on a dainty subject—a symphony in silver tints and musical lines, with a number of beautiful half-tone pictures of Susquehanna scenery.



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